The Outlook

AUGUST 3, 1921

MARKING TIME IN THE IRISH CONFERENCES

A MIST of vagueness and uncertainty envelops the negotiations for peace in Ireland. It is known that the English Prime Minister laid before Mr. De Valera a plan that might serve as a basis for discussion. It was announced that this plan would be laid before Parliament in outline, if not in detail, but later this statement was canceled, and up to July 26 no official version of the plan has been offered.

Meanwhile Mr. De Valera has gone to Dublin to consult with his "Cabinet." One Sinn Fein organ, the "Irish Bulletin," which has been regarded heretofore as De Valera's mouthpiece, declares that Ireland will accept nothing but complete independence. This is not taken very seriously, for it seems highly improbable that the Sinn Fein leaders would enter into elaborate peace parleys if they were set on impossible demands.

Public opinion continues to believe that some form of Dominion government similar in many points to that in Canada or South Africa offers the only possible solution. The difficulty is in persuading Ulster that she can be guarded against political and economic oppression by any all-Irish parliament that would have a large Sinn Fein majority. General Smuts believes this can be done, and it is understood that he is laboring to convince the Ulster leaders.

Tactically, Mr. De Valera seems to have shown skill and acuteness. He has refrained from violent and extreme declarations, which is not true of his Ulster opponent, Sir James Craig. The Sinn Fein leader has thus seemed to put his opponents in the wrong, yet up to this writing he has not publicly committed his following to anything. It is quite possible that, in the last analysis, the blocking of progress in a settlement will be due to Sinn Fein obduracy quite as much as to Ulster aloofness—"rigid and unyielding" are terms applied to Sir James Craig's utterances by the London "Times."

Lord Northcliffe, now in this country, points out that England could no more consent to a strategically independent Ireland than New York could consent to a strategically independent Long Island. But he believes also that the proposal of a central parliament for all Ireland and separate parliaments for Ulster and the south leaves the door open for unity.

The best hope for peace is in the continuing and growing belief that the Irish people are so thankful for the present relief from violence that they will insist on its permanence.

FAMINE RELIEF FOR RUSSIA

DROUGHT has brought about a state of affairs in Russia calling for immediate relief. A large portion of the crops have not come to maturity and millions are now facing death by famine. As the remainder of Europe, owing to its exhaustion from war and the prevalence of the drought is not in a position to aid the Russian sufferers, Maxim Gorky, who stands high in Soviet councils and is regarded as the literary spokesman of that unhappy country, has made known the situation to the American Government and urged it to aid in the work of relief.

In reply to Gorky's appeal for American relief Herbert Hoover, as Chairman of the American Relief Administration, by cablegram has made known to Gorky the conditions upon which such relief can be obtained. Among the conditions outlined by Mr. Hoover is, first, and as a *sine qua non*, "the immediate release of the Americans now held as prisoners in Russia." Other conditions as summarized by Mr. Hoover are: (*a*) That the Moscow Soviet authorities give a direct statement to the Relief Administration representatives in Riga that there is need of our assistance; (*b*) that American representatives of the Relief Administration shall be given full liberty to come and go and move about Russia; (*c*) that these members shall be allowed to organize the necessary local committees and local assistance free from Government interference; (*d*) that they shall be given free transportation of imported supplies with priority over traffic; that the authorities shall assign necessary buildings and equipment and fuel free of charge; (*e*) that, in addition to the imported food, clothing, and medicines, the children and the sick must be given the same rations of such local supplies as are given to the rest of the population; (*f*) that the Relief Administration must have the assurance of noninterference of the Government with the liberty of all its members.

When these conditions are complied with, Mr. Hoover states, the Relief Administration, within its resources, is prepared to undertake to supply "all children and invalids alike without regard to race, creed, or social status," and further he declares that its representatives in Russia will engage in no political activities. The conditions outlined, as he fully explains, are in no sense extraordinary, but are identical with those "laid down and readily accepted by the twenty-three governments in whose territories we have operated." Such a clear and positive statement places the burden of accepting or rejecting American relief squarely upon the

Underwood

THE ULSTER CABINET

"The difficulty is in persuading Ulster that she can be guarded against political and economic oppression by any all-Irish Parliament"

Left to right—Sir Dawson Bates, Home Secretary; Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., Education; Sir James Craig, Prime Minister; H. M. Pollock, Finance; E. M. Archdale, Agriculture; J. M. Andrews, Labor

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Soviet Government of Russia. They are such conditions as any self-respecting government or organization engaged in charitable relief must insist upon.

That the Soviet cannot be trusted without restrictions such as Mr. Hoover demands even to look after the children of its own people is amply shown in an article elsewhere in this issue called "Russia's Next Generation." The moral breakdown under Bolshevik rule has resulted in physical suffering, character deterioration, and criminal abuse of Russia's children. Any aid the Relief Administration can give must be partial and temporary. The question at once arises whether such relief might not be more than counterbalanced by the consequent bolstering up of the credit of the Bolshevist minority which is responsible for what Sir Paul Dukes rightly calls the appalling conditions among Russian children.

BLASPHEMY AND FREE SPEECH

Some four years ago we reported the conviction of a Lithuanian lecturer named Michael Mockus under a Connecticut statute originally passed in 1642 and then aimed against witchcraft as well as against blasphemy, but later amended and moderated. The interest in the case was in the plea that insult to the Christian religion and its followers was defensible as free speech.

Now some friend sends us pages from a law journal which report another blasphemy case against this same Michael Mockus which came before the Maine Supreme Court recently. Here, again, is the question how far the principle of free speech allows contumely to the religious convictions of others.

The report shows that Mockus, in commenting on various pictures which he threw on the screen, used almost inconceivably indecent, insulting, and filthy expressions about God, Christ, and the Virgin Mary. It is perfectly clear that as a mere matter of public decency no man should be allowed to utter such language in any public place. And this would be true, no matter whether the insults were directed to Christianity, or Moslemism, or Judaism. Conviction was obtained in this case under a Maine statute which makes it an offense to use "profanely, insultingly, and reproachfully language against God" or against the other members of the Trinity or the Christian Scriptures. Whether or not this is theoretically the best method of legally forbidding the kind of thing above described is an open question. A non-Christian (say, for instance, a Jew) might reasonably ask that his sacred convictions and feelings also should be protected against such an offense.

The lower court was undoubtedly right in holding that the offense did come under the statute, and the defense, therefore, was again founded on the definition of the individual's right to speak freely of his own convictions. The lower court held that the offense was not at all mitigated by the Constitutional rights of Mockus to express opinions or to controvert the opinions of others. The Supreme Court in an elaborate and admirable decision not only upheld the lower court as to this, but asserted that the statute "in no manner conflicts with our State constitutional guaranty of religious freedom and freedom of speech." The presiding Justice, Judge Philbrook, most vigorously commended the definition of liberty set forth by the justice of the lower court and commended it as "a charge which for clearness of thought, beauty of diction, accuracy of law, and impartiality of statement is seldom equaled."

It is for the purpose of enforcing and commending this excellent definition that we have thought it worth while again to refer to the attacks of Michael Mockus on religion and the religious feeling. The definition referred to by Judge Philbrook is as follows:

> The great degrees of liberty which we enjoy in this country, the degree of personal liberty which every man and woman enjoys, is limited by a like degree of liberty in every other person, and it is the duty of men, and the duty of women, in their conduct, in the exercise of the liberty which they enjoy, to consider that every other man and woman has the right to exercise the same degree of liberty; that when one person enters into society—and society is the state in which personal liberty exists—each gives up something of that liberty in order that the other may enjoy the same degree of liberty. It is a conception that perhaps some people find difficult to understand, but it is the conception of liberty which we enjoy.

A GOVERNOR UNDER INDICTMENT

The State of Illinois is undergoing the singular experience of having its Governor under indictment on a charge of embezzlement, yet refusing to submit to arrest on the ground that he would thereby violate his obligation to the State to carry on his functions as Governor.

It would be improper, and indeed impossible, to form at a distance an opinion as to the charges and countercharges in this unfortunate affair. The allegations upon which the county Grand Jury acted charged Governor Small with conspiracy together with the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Vernon Curtis, a banker, to misappropriate or misuse the daily balances of the State in the banks. The Governor denies with vigor the inference that he and his colleagues drew any profit from the handling of State funds. He declares that the Attorney-General has fathered these charges because of political enmity; and, moreover, intimates that moneyed interests have combined to defeat the will of the people in making him Governor, and that they are backed by certain politicians and certain newspapers. These influences and interests he describes as acting through "a whole gang of character assassins and character defamers."

Lawyers are interested particularly in the contention that a State Governor by submitting to arrest after indictment would surrender his official rights and commit an act of political treason. The Attorney-General, on the other hand, insists that the sole question is whether the Governor is or is not guilty of the charges, and asks whether the defense for refusing to obey the courts would apply if a Governor should commit murder while in office.

SOLDIERS AND MOTHERS

The United States Senate has passed two measures of much human appeal, the Soldiers' Relief Bill and the Maternity Bill. The first is also known as the Sweet Bill, from the name of its introducer in the House, Representative Sweet, of Iowa. The passage of this bill should be followed by quick and thorough aid to the needy soldier, for it consolidates into one bureau the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Board for Vocational Education, and so much of the Public Health Service as relates to disabled ex-service men. Such consolidation ought to save the soldier from the waste of time and money due to separated and overlapping bureaus. As it passed the House the bill provided for the new bureau to be under the Treasury Department, but as it passed the Senate the bureau was to be independent and under the President. While the Senate's action is assumed to be prefatory to the establishment of the bureau in the new Department of Public Welfare, as recommended by the President, Mr. Sweet, in recently writing to The Outlook, said that "it would be a very easy matter to transfer the new bureau from the Treasury Department to the Welfare Department" in case the pending bill establishing that Department became law.

The Maternity Bill, also known as the Sheppard-Towner Bill, from the names of its sponsors in the Senate and House, was first suggested by Miss Julia Lathrop, Chief of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor. That Bureau, assisted by an Advisory Committee consisting of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Surgeon-General of the

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AS HE THAT LEAVES A SHALLOW PLASH TO PLUNGE HIM IN THE DEEP

(The Taming of the Shrew, I, 1)

Bushnell for the Central Press Association

HEY, JAP, SHED THAT HEAVY STUFF AND JUMP IN WHILE THE WATER'S FINE

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News

DOES ANYBODY NEED A SECOND INVITATION?

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bushnell in the Rocky Mountain News

THEY'LL BOTH ENJOY A REFRESHING PLUNGE AFTER SUCH A LONG HOT SPELL

From A. W. Gillette, Denver, Col.

Thomas in the Detroit News

STILL POSING

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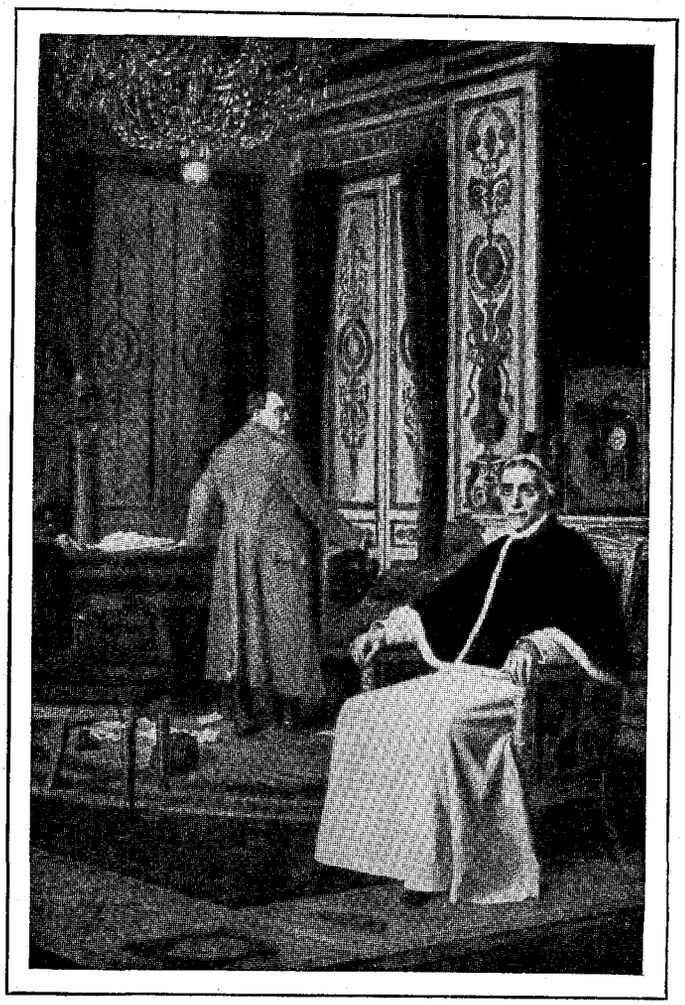

PIUS VII AND NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU

Fontainebleau, the scene of many historic events, among them the encounter between Pius VII and Napoleon I, is to be the seat of a music school for Americans

Public Health Service, and the Commissioner of Education, is to carry out the provisions of the Act. The bill provides for co-operation between the Federal Government and the States in respect to the public protection of maternity and infancy. It appropriates annually ten thousand dollars to each State, and, furthermore, annually an additional sum of a million dollars is to be given to the States, proportionately to their populations, in return for an equal sum from them for the maintenance of the services and facilities of the Act. Any State desiring to avail itself of the benefits of the Act must submit to the Children's Bureau, for its approval, detailed plans including provision for instruction in maternal and infant hygiene through public health nurses, consultation centers, extension courses by qualified lecturers, and other methods—the type of maternal care and instruction in infant welfare used in a New York City district during recent years, where the death rate of babies has been reduced from 144 to 85 per thousand births. (The most recent available statistics show that every year in the United States some 23,000 mothers and nearly 250,000 children under one year of age die from causes most of which are preventable.) President Harding has given his hearty support to the measure; he says: "I assume that the Maternity Bill, already strongly approved, will be enacted promptly, thus adding to our manifestation of human interest."

THE BATTLESHIP AND THE BOMB

It is a mistake for the inexpert to jump to conclusions upon the announcement of the results of scientific experiments. To say, as some have said, that the battleship has been rendered obsolete because the German battleship Ostfriesland was sunk by 2,000-pound bombs dropped from airplanes is to jump at conclusions with the bland optimism shown by a frog in the presence of a bit of red flannel. It is obvious, however, that the sinking of the Ostfriesland will modify many judgments concerning the value of aerial attacks on naval vessels.

Some naval experts have said that bombs dropped upon modern armored battleships would not sink them. This seemed to be proved true of bombs weighing 1,000 pounds or less. When, however, 2,000-pound bombs were dropped, not upon, but alongside of the battleship the effect was crushing, for they opened the seams of the vessel below the water-line. Because of the great resistance of water, the explosion expends its energy against the vessel.

It is to be remembered in connection with these experiments that the advantage was with the bombers. The battleship was motionless, proving a much easier target than a moving vessel. The weather, moreover, was favorable. A squadron of naval vessels steaming along in a mist or fog might possibly be put out of commission if bombs could be dropped alongside of them as they were alongside this helpless German battleship; but the problem, which was not presented off Norfolk during these experiments is to find the squadron in a fog, to be able to fly over it, and to be able to drop the bombs on a moving target with sufficient accuracy.

The experiments seem to the layman hardly an argument against building battleships, but they are certainly an argument for developing aircraft and their auxiliaries.

THE AMERICAN MUSIC SCHOOL AT FONTAINEBLEAU

Many American tourists in France go to Fontainebleau. More should. It is only thirty-six miles from Paris. Its forest is perhaps the most famous in France. Its palace was for centuries the residence of the French sovereigns.

The beautiful Louis XV wing is now an American conservatory of music for graduate students from this country, and a hundred students recently began their first term there.

The opening day was declared a holiday at Fontainebleau. The town had already given a hundred thousand francs toward the support of the school.

The principal courses are in composition, fugue, counterpoint, and harmony; organ, piano, violin, violoncello, the harp; the history of music, acoustics; and lectures by leading composers and conductors. The French Advisory Committee includes such names as Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Rabaud, Ravel, Messager, Charpentier, Pierné, and Fauré. M. Saint-Saëns made the address on the opening day and, as was appropriate, Mr. Walter Damrosch presided. For the school is largely due to Mr. Damrosch's initiative.

Charles Marie Widor, the French composer, will be the general director of studies, which will be the more interesting because, unlike those at the Paris Conservatory of Music, they may be continued no matter whether the student has reached a certain age or not. More-

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International

THE COLUMBIA COUNTRY CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.
A scene at the home green during the Open Golf Championship Matches

over, students may compete more than once for prizes.

TRACK, FIELD, AND LINKS

In no athletic contests are the principles of good sportsmanship more carefully observed than those which have taken place between universities of America and England. In track and field events there have been five meets between combined teams from Oxford and Cambridge, on the one side, and Harvard and Yale, on the other. The fifth, which took place on July 23 at the Harvard Stadium, resulted in victories in eight out of the ten events for the American universities. How complete the American victory was is indicated by the fact that if any chance had disqualified the Harvard contestants Yale alone would have won against the combined British universities four events out of the ten, and if the Yale men had been disqualified six out of the ten events would have been won by Harvard alone. One of the Englishmen, B. G. D. Rudd, of Oxford, took part in three events and won one of them. E. O. Gourdin, the colored athlete of Harvard, won two events—the 100-yard dash in 10 1/5 seconds (not his best record) and the running broad jump, in which he broke the world's record. In all the history of the world no one has been known to jump 25 feet 3 inches until this colored man covered that distance in his leap at Cambridge on that Saturday afternoon. The British participants had some ill luck through illness and injury, which fortunately did not pursue them until the end. They were fairly beaten.

In golf the open championship tournament (that is, the tournament open to professionals and amateurs alike) was won by James Barnes, the professional of Pelham, New York; for the 72 holes his score of 289 strokes has been surpassed only by Mr. Evans's record of 286 five years ago. To play seventy-two holes in succession, averaging four strokes to the hole, with but one stroke over ("one over four," as the golfers say), is proof, as President Harding said, of confidence, poise, and courage. C. Evans, Jr., former open champion, led the amateurs and was in third place, two professionals, Walter Hagen and Fred McLeod, tying for second place, nine strokes behind "Long Jim" Barnes. George Duncan, the famous English professional, was in a tie for fifth place, three Americans, one of them the amateur R. T. Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, being tied for fourth place. The far-driving British professional Mitchell fell out by the way.

MILLENNIUM OR ARMAGEDDON

No one need be under any illusions as to the grave possibilities in the forthcoming international conferences at Washington. If they fail, it will not be because of any influence exerted by special interests, such as armament makers, but because nations with conflicting interests will have not yet found the way to readjusting those interests so as not to conflict, or compromising those that they cannot adjust. If they succeed, it will not be by some mechanical method of arranging programmes for building battleships, but by reaching a mutual understanding concerning those deep national interests which battleships are built to defend.

And no one need be under any illusion as to the hope that will be spread throughout the world by any real progress which those conferences may make. The cynically minded, pointing to the Hague Conferences, which were followed by the World War, and the Peace Conference at Paris, which was followed by the troubled times in which we now live, may inquire what is the use of another conference? The fact, however, that one such conference does follow another, despite apparent failure, is an indication of the incurable faith of men in the ultimate goal of international peace and justice.

To expect the failure of these conferences to be followed immediately by Armageddon, or their success, even though exceeding anticipation, by Millennium, would be folly; but their failure is on the road to Armageddon and their success on the road to something more like Millennium than anything the world has yet known.

On another page Mr. P. W. Wilson, an English observer of American life and a student of international affairs, analyzes the issues that are likely to come before those conferences. These are issues on which men will not yield what they believe to be their rights except under compulsion. The nations that will be engaged in those conferences know this well, and no government worthy of the name is going to enter those conferences with any intention of allowing these questions ultimately to be settled by compulsion adversely to its own people. The nations, therefore, are not going there with the purpose of scrapping their battleships first and then trusting to some unknown settlement afterwards of the vital issues involved. They want those issues settled first. That is why the Prime Ministers of the British Dominions are really beginning the Wash-

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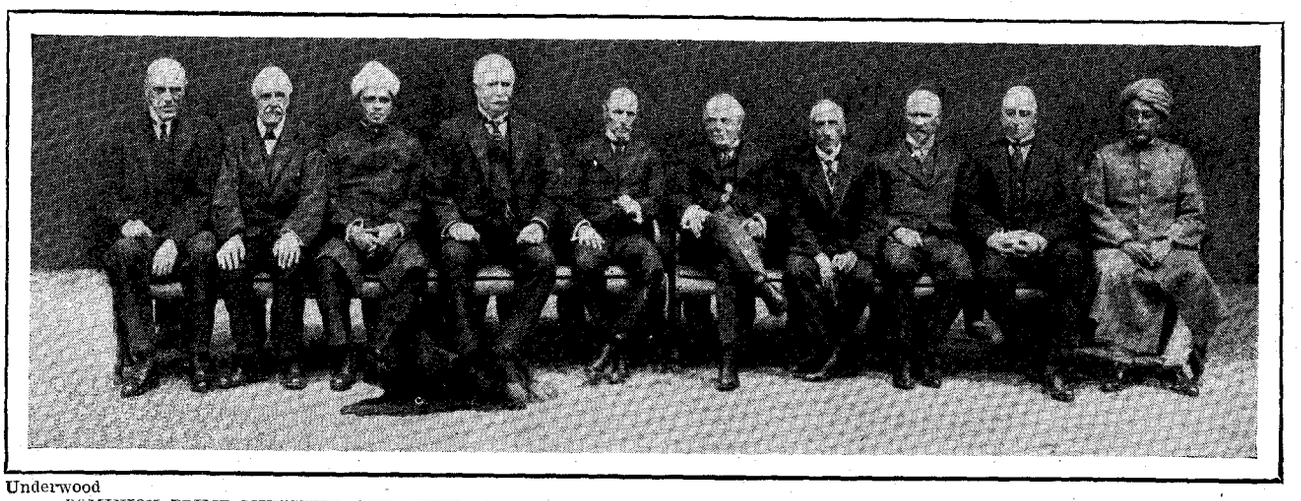


Underwood

DOMINION PRIME MINISTERS AND OTHERS WHO ARE IN CONFERENCE WITH THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER IN LONDON

"The nations . . . want those issues settled. That is why the Prime Ministers of the British Dominions are really beginning the Washington Conference in London among themselves"

From left to right: E. F. Montague, Arthur J. Balfour, F. Faftri; W. F. Massey, New Zealand; Arthur J. Meighen, Canada; David Lloyd George, British Prime Minister; William Hughes, Australia; Jan C. Smuts, South Africa; Earl Curzon; Maharrao of Cutch

ington Conferences in London among themselves. That is why Japan is attempting to get questions like that of Yap out of the way first. And that is why Secretary Hughes is insisting that no reservation can be made in advance concerning the issues to be discussed, but that all questions which the nations wish discussed must be raised and disposed of.

If America is not only to have her interests well considered, but also to have her influence for peace and justice through mutual understanding commensurate with her power, American public opinion must be informed on these questions, must help to guide the Government in its course, and must be ready to support the Government in defending those interests and in extending that influence. On this account we commend Mr. Wilson's article to our readers.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR UPPER SILESIA?

FRANCE and England together must keep the peace in Upper Silesia until a decision is reached as to its final disposition. France and England must act together also in making that final disposition, although other Powers will be represented in the Supreme Council. There are differences of opinion between the two countries, but in this, as in other cases arising under the Treaty, the common interest is so strong that anything like a serious clash is extremely improbable. Just now France is anxious to have troops enough in Upper Silesia to preserve the peace while the knotty question of the future is dealt with; England is less impressed with that point and is more anxious to hurry on the Supreme Council sittings.

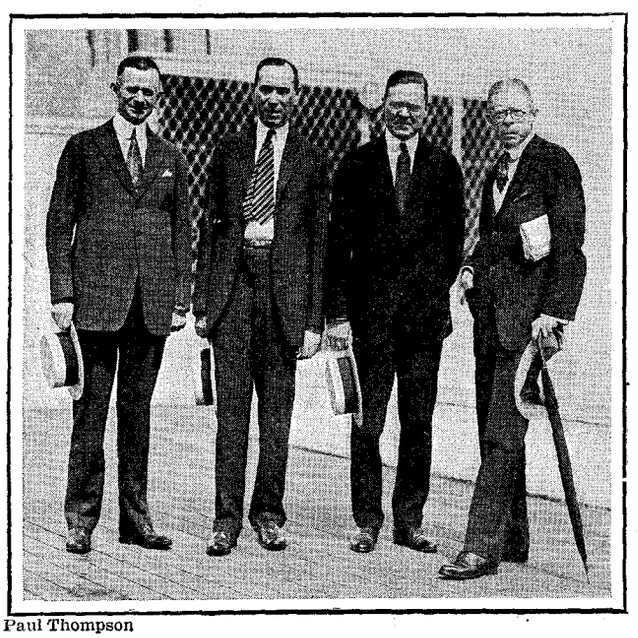
It seems to us that France is right, because the need of security against outbreak in Upper Silesia is the immediate and first need. The past has shown that this danger is not to be trifled with or ignored. German insurrection or Polish resistance while the Supreme Council debates must not be allowed. Silesian Germans or German Germans, Silesian Poles or Poles in Poland, are not to settle this matter by fighting. And the first thing for the Allies to do is to secure peace and quiet.

Very sensibly France and Great Britain, according to cable reports as we write, are compromising on an agreement whereby a short postponement of the Supreme Council will allow the sending of Allied troops to reinforce those now in Upper Silesia. France has a division ready to move, and England can use its judgment as to whether she also wishes to send reinforcements.

The division of Upper Silesia on lines based partly on the recent referendum vote and partly on common sense and the safety of Europe, or its being made into a free zone, as has been suggested, is entirely within the scope of authority and responsibility placed on the Supreme Council by the Treaty.

RIGHT WASTE AND WRONG WASTE

IT is a truism that war means waste. It turns wealth-making capital and energy into channels of destruction. What is more, war's destructive work cannot, from war's nature, be carried on economically. In peace times we try to get the best results for the least money; in war we are trying to win quickly and at the same time we must plan to be ready to pour in men, munitions, and supplies for an unknown future period. So what would ordinarily be extravagance must be disregarded. The profi-



Paul Thompson

THE NEW SHIPPING BOARD

Left to right—A. J. Frey, A. D. Lasker, J. B. Smull, A. J. Love

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teer gets his chance; yet, within certain limits of watchfulness and integrity, the Government is not blamable if it piles up debts and pays big prices. Victory is everything; economy for the time being nothing.

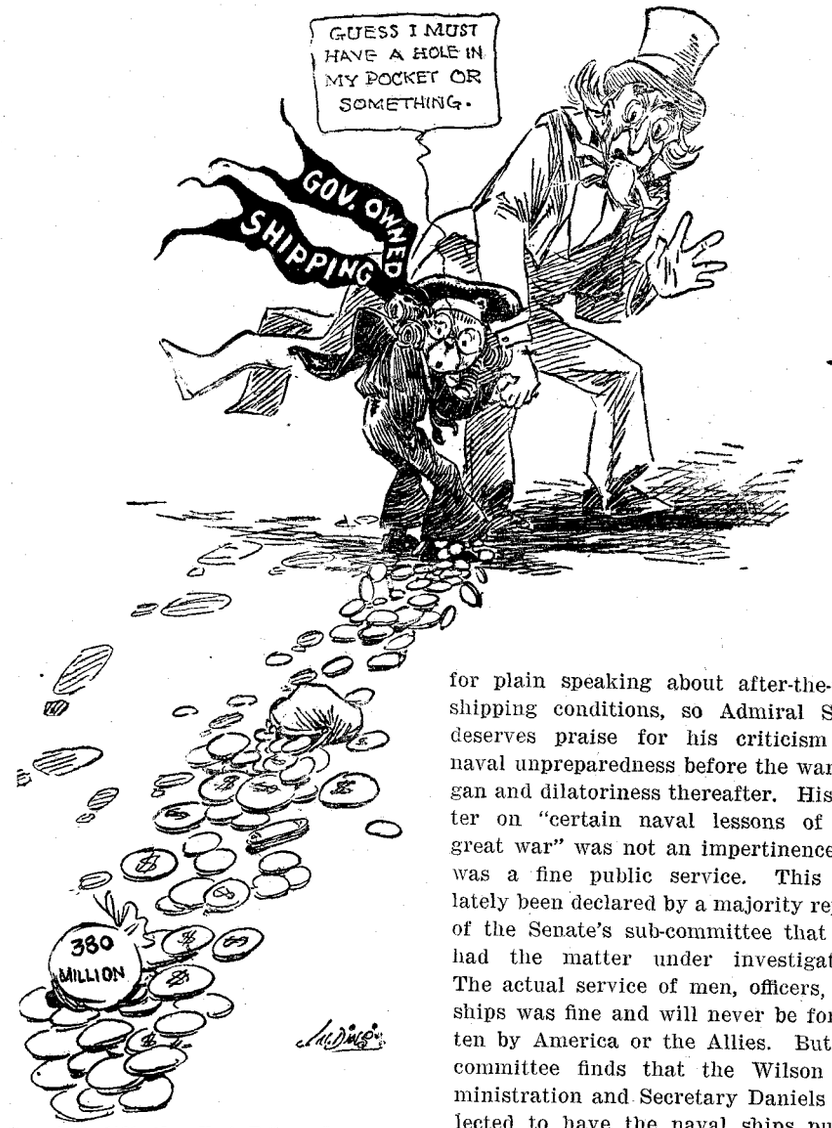
But when in time of peace we are building up our military and naval resources against the threat of war, or when after victory we are demobilizing material, ships, and obligations as well as troops, the taxpayer has a right to ask whether the task is going on with due attention to financial economy.

It is now over two and a half years since the armistice was signed. The new head of the United States Shipping Board, Mr. A. B. Lasker, is anxious to clear decks and put things on a reasonable basis. He recognizes that after the war it was inevitable that our plans and contracts made it necessary to write off a tremendous money loss. The country got its return in advance for such a loss in the effect upon Germany caused by the magnitude of our ship-building plans—and German authorities have laid great stress on that effect. Now, however, Mr. Lasker holds, we should straighten things out and get on a sound basis. He believes in facing facts; hence he calls the public attention to the deplorable state of things to-day. When he told the President that, for the year ended June 30, 1921, there was a Shipping Board deficit of $380,000,000; that by spending the money received for sales instead of reducing debt the Shipping Board had, in his opinion, disregarded the purpose of Congress in limiting the annual expenditure to $100,000; that the accounts were confused and inadequate—in short, that in coming on the Board he found "the most colossal wreck that any Administration ever inherited," the President, Mr. Lasker tells us, was shocked and dismayed at the criminal waste and extravagance.

There is nothing like the fresh air of publicity to impel action. Mr. Lasker has pointed out the trouble; the remedies are already being applied. The President forthwith ordered a cleaning up of accounts. Mr. Lasker has called to his aid experts as operating heads of the ship management—Mr. Love, Mr. Frey, and Mr. Smull are all practical, experienced men; conferences with shipowners and men are planned. The announced general plan is to get efficiency, cut waste, take losses without trying to hide them by more losses, and to apply assets from sales to the profit-and-loss account instead of paying losses out of capital funds.

Recognition of Mr. Lasker's service in behalf of economy does not necessarily involve approval of every measure taken in the name of economy. In particular,

Darling in the New York Tribune



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THAT'S WHAT COMES OF TRYING TO MAKE A SAILOR OUT OF HIM BY PUTTING ON ONE OF THOSE IMITATION SAILOR SUITS

approval of the policy of the Shipping Board in general is consistent with disapproval of its course in the controversy with the United States Mail Steamship Company. If in its effort for economy the United States Shipping Board should turn over the vessels now in the American merchant marine to a combination involving German interests, a new issue would be raised which might overshadow even that of economical and efficient administration. The American Ship and Commerce Corporation, the chief rival of the United States Mail Steamship Company, has arrangements with the Hamburg-American Line. The average citizen would like to see the country get out of the shipping business as soon as it can, but with due allowance for just obligations and business principles, and without forgetting the lessons of Germany's piracy.

Just as Mr. Lasker is entitled to praise for plain speaking about after-the-war shipping conditions, so Admiral Sims deserves praise for his criticism on naval unpreparedness before the war began and dilatoriness thereafter. His letter on "certain naval lessons of the great war" was not an impertinence; it was a fine public service. This has lately been declared by a majority report of the Senate's sub-committee that has had the matter under investigation. The actual service of men, officers, and ships was fine and will never be forgotten by America or the Allies. But the committee finds that the Wilson Administration and Secretary Daniels neglected to have the naval ships put in the best condition, or properly stationed, or quickly sent where they could be of use in war. For months preceding our entrance into the war it was all but certain that it was impending; certainly the threat was not one to be ignored. Those were precious months; and they were largely lost. And for six months after we were at war it seemed as if the Administration wanted it to be a war of words so far as the Navy was concerned. The report says: "The conclusion seems unavoidable that up to April 11, 1917, the fixed policy of the Navy Department under Secretary Daniels and President Wilson was that the naval forces of the country should be kept at home for coast patrol and defense and that the fleet should be strictly conserved for such eventualities as might come out of the European war."

Three admirals testified that the Navy was not ready for war on April 6, 1917.

Chairman Lasker and Admiral Sims have deserved well of their country. Knowing the faults of the past is a right step toward avoiding them in the future.

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THE WHEAT FARMER TURNS MIDDLEMAN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY HENRY J. HASKELL

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE KANSAS CITY "STAR"

THE U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., was organized in Chicago the second week in April. Incorporated under the laws of Delaware, it is to be a non-stock, non-profit corporation, acting as a National sales agency for grain. Its various departments are to provide terminal sales agencies, warehousing facilities at terminal markets, a finance corporation, an export corporation, and a marketing news service.

This somewhat technical and forbidding statement carries an announcement of immense importance throughout the grain-growing area. It means the beginning of the largest co-operative movement in the history of the country. The U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., is the fruition of years of hard experience, of thousands of experiments, futile as well as successful. The organizations represented on its Board of Directors include a large share of the grain producers of the United States. The men and concerns involved are the most substantial and influential in the grain country. They may fail. But they represent the best brains and organizing ability available for the purpose to-day.

The movement is the sudden crystallization of many elements that were long in solution. The jar that effected the crystallizing came from the sudden collapse in the value of farm products that began last summer. The remedy to which the wheat farmer naturally turned, largely as the result of his experience with governmental price fixing during the war, was the artificial control of prices through monopolistic pooling. This would have been futile as well as anti-social. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed, and out of a representative farm conference in Chicago July, 1920, came plans for great co-operative organizations for marketing grains and live stock. The grain marketing system has been worked out in detail and the plans approved by the farm organizations. The various branches are now taking shape. It is too vast and intricate an enterprise to be completed in time to handle this year's crops, but the necessary preliminaries are well under way. The live stock corporation is to be developed later.

To understand the farmer's attitude it must be borne in mind that he is pretty generally convinced that he is the victim of market manipulation and that the middleman takes profits that ought to go to the producer. Believing this, rightly or wrongly, he is deeply concerned in attempting to keep the grain in his own hands until it reaches at least the miller, and possibly the baker. In any event, the leaders say, the farmer cannot make the sort of living he is determined to have simply as a producer of raw material. He must add to his profits as a producer the profits of the grain merchant as well. This is what he is trying to do through the organization of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., and its subsidiaries.

Under the proposed plan, the farmer joins the National co-operative organization by paying a ten-dollar initiation fee and making a five-year contract to sell his grain exclusively through the co-operative agencies. Four options are then open to him: He may sell to the local co-operative elevator at the current market price; he may consign his grain direct to the agency at a terminal market; he may pool his crop with the grain of other local growers, to be sold by the directors of the pool at an opportune time; or he may pool one-third of his crop for export. If there is no local co-operative elevator, the members in the locality may build or lease one, which will be under contract to sell only to the terminal market sales agency. Where a local co-operative elevator is not available, the farmer may resort to direct consignment to the terminal market sales agency. In this case he may sell at the current price, or, if he thinks the market is rising, he may store his grain to be sold later.

Under this system the farmer or his agents will be in control of the grain from the time it leaves the farm until it reaches the miller. The place of the various middlemen, operating for private profit, will be taken by the farmer's agents, operating for the farmer's profit. The organizers of the plan believe that the cost of distribution from the farmer to the local or line elevator, from the local elevator to the terminal elevator, from the terminal elevator to the miller or the exporter, is unnecessarily heavy, and that the co-operative agencies can handle the grain more cheaply than it is now handled through private concerns.

Every widespread movement is the result of a frame of mind in which the emotions play a part. It is impossible to appreciate the force behind this new co-operative movement without insight into the farmer's sense of grievance. This phase of the question is illumined by some of the remarks made by Mr. C. H. Gustafson, of Lincoln, Nebraska, President of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., and former head of the Farmers' Union of Nebraska, which did a one-hundred-million-dollar co-operative business last year. Whether one agrees with the views expressed or not, they are an interesting exposition of a mental attitude.

"We believe," he said, "that, while recognizing and protecting the rights of the consuming public, the plan insures the farmer an equitable and just return on his grain crops by effecting savings, avoiding speculation, preventing needless duplication of effort, and eventually stabilizing the market for grain crops. We are told that the farmer now receives thirty-four cents of the dollar that the consumer pays for farm products. There is need to change that ratio. With all other farmers, I resent the discovery that the just and equitable share of the profits from my labor and the labor of my neighbors has erected a brown-stone front on Lake Shore Drive or outfitted a palace pleasure-boat instead of being returned to me wherewith to purchase the new dress my wife has been waiting two years for or to enable me to give my girl some of the advantages that her town girl friends enjoy."

Evidently there is something of the crusader's zeal to be reckoned with. But zeal and a sense of grievance will not of themselves bring success. There must be a real field for operation and there must be competent management. Experience in the distribution of fruits, vegetables, and dairy products has proved the existence of wasteful practices that have been eliminated by co-operation of the producers.

The question is whether the same opportunity for increased efficiency exists in the distribution of the grains—which mean predominantly wheat. Commission men and others engaged in the business insist that its distribution is highly organized and freely competitive, and that the speculative market furnishes stability of prices and the best possible form of insurance. The fortunes that have been made, they assert, are due to the same qualities of business acumen that bring success everywhere, and are due to large volume rather than to excessive charges. In their opinion, the middleman does a real service which will cost the farmer as much or more to have done for him by a co-operative agency.

The test of experience will determine which is right. But progress is always made at the cost of adventure and risk. It is quite possible that the psychic factor might prove more important than the ordinary business man supposes. The idea that the farmer through his co-operative would be able to purchase that new dress for his wife and provide advantages for his daughter might develop an unexpected incentive to success. Even if the whole elaborate plan should not prove workable, certain features of it might result in providing better facilities for the marketing of grain. The agitation so far has invited

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the attention of able men in the grain business and on the outside, and constructive suggestions for betterments have come from such men as Mr. Julius H. Barnes, former President of the United States Grain Corporation, and Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, former Chairman of the War Industries Board. At the worst the farmer would gain invaluable experience as to the complex factors in modern distributing machinery. If the system that is now being set up should fail, the grain grower would have less reason to feel that he was the victim of an unfair system. He would have learned by experience the cost and difficulties of distributing his product. This in itself would be wholesome.

A HARDTACK ATTACK; OR, THE VERACITY OF SAILORMEN VINDICATED

A TALE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS

BY BILL ADAMS

Hon. Sirs:

ALLOW me to state that you make an error. I do not throw hardtack at any one. Not I. For why? I'll tell you.

Years ago, a long time ago, oh, ever so long ago, there were two clippers abeam of each other when dawn broke upon the weedy Sargasso Sea. They were rivals. Ancient rivals. And it had been some years since last they had met upon the sea roads. Upon that occasion it had been a blizzard accompanied with snow that had separated them. But now the sea and sky were clear and a stiff S. W. breeze was blowing upon their starboard quarters.

It happened that a breeze one point upon the quarter of one of them was her best sailing point. She could foot it then. Three skysails, moonsails above them, royal staysails, bullwhanger and bonnets, monkey gaff—and all sheets and halyards and braces sweated home—then she *could* foot it!

She did. She was the three-mast full-rigger Muskoka, and she had her holds chock-a-block with Sydney wool.

Alongside her at the first faint streaking of the Sargasso dawn was a four-mast bark. A long, low-in-the-water, lofty packet, with her upper sides painted black, a white beading around the center of the black, and gray-painted under the black to the edge of the water; below the water-line pink showing as her fore foot lifted to the heave of the swells.

She was the Silberhorn. She was a queen on the sea. She was a fast-footed flyer; but *her* best point was with the wind one point before the beam and her yards close up. Then she could foot it. Then she *did*.

So there they lay; slipping through the furrows with everything set, and the bellies of the big courses high lifted by the following wind.

The old skipper of the four-master knew well enough where the best sailing point of each ship was. And you may be sure that with the wind on his quarter he had every rope sweated as tight as sweating could make it go. But that was not enough.

He called the mate—Egg Martin, the mate. Egg was so called because he was a fat man and hadn't a stray hair upon his system save upon the head of him. No one called him Egg except the apprentices, of whom I was one. And you can bet that he never knew we called him so!

He called Egg Martin, and he whispered to his weather ear. Egg left the poop deck with the jumpy swing in his stride that he was peculiar for. He let out a yell. The hands came on the hop, thinking the skipper had taken cold feet with the clipper dipping her rail so deep in the sea, and the big salt sprays all driving clear over her. They figured that it was to be a case of taking in sail, and they made straight for the halyards and downhauls—on the quick run that Egg had long ago had them trained to.

But devil a sail was there going to be taken off that packet with the Muskoka upon the weather beam and the wind coming up from a point on the quarter.

The mate spoke to the hands; and forward away they went upon the same swift run, and the apprentices with them. All hands and the cook ran.

Every last man Jack upon that old four-master ran to his sea chest, and back to the decks they came, running still, with their arms full of shirts, jumpers, jackets, and shore-going pants.

Then, from boom to break of the clipper's poop, there were lines strung fore and aft and thwart ships. Then there were shirts, and jackets, and jumpers, and shore-going pants, strung up to gather in the little caps full of wind that went piping along the decks under the courses—doing the ship no good whatever, but blowing idly away over the seas ahead.

Then it was that that fast four-mast bark held her own with the full-rigged Londoner that was thinking to leave her far astern by the falling of night over the weedy Sargasso Sea.

Ah, then it was that the old skipper of that long, low-in-the-water, lofty, slip-along clipper twinkled his gray eyes and winked across five miles of weedy Sargasso Sea at the bridge where stood the bald-headed, peak-nosed, bow-legged fellow called Bijah-Bijah Thompson, skipper of the high-flying Londoner.

Then it was that the shark's tail, spiked for luck (as was the custom of the sailing clippers), upon the boom end of the Muskoka remained just exactly level with the shark's tail spiked upon the boom end of the Silberhorn.

So they sailed till eight bells went at noon. Aboard the two ships every last man of all the crowd was kept handy on deck, lest anything blow away. The hands chewed at their salt-horse with the salt sprays driving down on them and sipped at their lime juice while they dipped their heads to escape the slap of the salt water flying past them.

As eight bells went upon the big forward bell of the long four-master her old shark-eyed skipper blew down the taffrail telephone to where his wife was sitting in their cabin.

Up came the old lady. She was a

BILL ADAMS, the nautical correspondent of The Outlook, cast a few gentle aspersions upon the sea knowledge of Meade Minnigerode, whose tales of the clipper ships have been appearing in The Outlook these past few months. We published Bill's letter, and it called forth from its author a special delivery plea to Mr. Minnigerode for forgiveness. We hastened to assure the critic that there was nothing in his letter to cause offense to even the most sensitive of authors, and we wrote him that he had not hit Mr. Minnigerode with a belaying-pin, but that he had merely shied a playful piece of hardtack at his head. We have now received from this veteran of the seas a letter protesting against our suggestion that he had thrown hardtack at any one's head. The letter is not only a protest against our statement, but an absolute verification (that would be accepted in a court of law) of Bill's claim that seamen confine themselves strictly to the truth. Since we have recently had some romantic fiction in The Outlook, we are publishing Bill's uncolored narrative as a bit of relief. Any one who reads this tale will never doubt a sailorman's word again.

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short, hard-handed woman, with the sea toil written all over her face and features. Her hair was trimmed down short, like the hair on an Airedale dog. Her hair was dull gray, and her eyes were like the eyes of a shark's shark wife. She came out upon the poop deck and she took a long look at the towering London clipper five miles to windward.

She took a short, disdainful look at the skipper. Said she:

"G-r-r-r-r, why the —— didn't you call me, heh?"

The old wife of the old shark-eye skipper took two jumps back to the door of the chart-house; and down the accommodation ladder to her cabin she went, nimble as a Madagascar cat reaching for ripe bananas.

In less than three shakes of a young lamb's tail she was back upon the poop.

She held in her hands the swell hat—the swellest hat—that she had bought up at the White House, on Kearney Street, before sailing, meaning to put one over on the wives of the Liverpool skippers when the old bark pulled into the Mersey. She went to the weather quarter of the taffrail and there she strung it up, with its inside turned to the wind.

There were violets, and blue chrysanthemums, and a daffodil or two, and a couple of ferns, on that hat, and every last mermaid that lives under the pretty weeds of the green Sargasso Sea turned green and pink and liver color with plain envy at the very sight of it.

Ah, then it was—then it was that the fly-away bark with four tall masts and a dainty pink fore foot lifted her long nose up to scent the weeds of the Sargasso Sea, as a wild mare of the lost uplands scenting a hungry wolf might do. Then it was that the shark tail spiked for luck upon the boom end of the old Silberhorn crept slowly, slowly forward of the shark tail upon the boom end of the London clipper.

The afternoon watches wore away with the long four-master galloping down the salt furrows like a mare that runs to her master when the wolves whine on a moonlight night. The dog-watch came and the dog-watch went. The second dog-watch came. The shark tail on the Muskoka was level with the main braces of the Silberhorn now.

Old skipper Shark Eyes and his Shark Eye wife stood side by side watching that Kearney Street hat with the daffodils, and the blue chrysanthemums, and the ferns, and the violets, gather up the little capfuls of stray wind, and the two of them smiled. Egg Martin stood upon the bridge staring at the full-rigger, wondering how it happened that old red-whiskered Pete, Pete Llewellyn, the hairy mate of the Muskoka, came to be such a hairy-chested old cuss as he was. The hands stood about the decks hiding as well as they could from the driving salt sprays.

Pat O'Brien and Pat Cassidy, two heaven-forgotten sea apprentices, two unloved and sinful young first-voyage sea apprentices, came out of the half-deck, the one chasing the other; fooling with each other, making a horse-play, acting like a couple of good-for-nothing young larrikins.

Sunset had faded over the weedy sea, and the stars were beginning to blink. The clippers were driving with their lee rails deep under the salt sea.

Pat Cassidy came on the run around the weather after corner of the midship house. Pat O'Brien behind him, with one hand up and a Liverpool Pantile held tight in it. He took a quick aim at the head of Pat Cassidy. From the lee of his lee eye Cassidy saw that aim, and down went his heaven-forgotten young head.

Now if that piece of hardtack had hit young Cassidy upon the head nothing would have been the worse. The hardtack would have splintered up to a lot of little chips and have dropped upon the sea-swept decks, and gone overside to feed the hungry little fishes.

But—that hardtack missed the head of Cassidy. It flew past his ducked pate and struck endways upon the main moonsail halyard block—just over the top of the sheave pin. The halyard blocks, and the sheet blocks, and the tack blocks, and all other blocks upon that bark were made of the finest Java teak, and were naturally good solid hardwood.

But just above the sheave pin that teakwood halyard block split and cracked up, and gave.

Far aloft there was a soft flap heard as the main moonsail dropped to the skysail yard. The damage was done.

Then it was that that Londoner with her sidelights beginning to twinkle across the cold weedy Sargasso Sea, and with all her hands crowding in her lee shrouds cheering, started to crawl up upon the long, low-in-the-water clipper from 'Frisco.

Night fell. The moonsail was set again in quick time. The race continued. The stars blinked. The mermaids whispered under that hat with the daffodils, and violets, and blue chrysanthemums, and ferns, upon it.

There is no need to tell of the race, nor of who won it, or how she won.

But I have explained to you why I do not throw hardtack, even playfully, at fellow-mariners.

And that is what I started out to do.

Adios, señor.

BILL ADAMS.

P.S.—Some landsmen think sailors are all liars. Why?

RUSSIA'S NEXT GENERATION

BY SIR PAUL DUKES

FEW people yet grasp the fact that the central tragedy of the Bolshevist régime in Russia is an organized effort to subvert and corrupt the minds of the children. With official channels of information monopolized by the Communist Government, most surprising rumors are afloat as to the Bolshevist attitude towards the growing children, while the difficulty of comprehending the situation is complicated by the literal accuracy of the bald statement that "the Bolsheviks are doing all they can for children."

The question which so few proceed to investigate is, however, this: *What* is it the Bolsheviks are trying so hard to do for Russian children?

It was after the Communists had been in the saddle for about a year that their fears that this generation would not see Communism established led them to turn their minds to the conversion of the children. (As is well known, it has always been a Bolshevist principle to fight the institution of the family. Madame Kolontai's writings can leave no doubt on that score even in the minds of the skeptical. The idea is to remove children at an early age from parental care and bring them up in colonies where they will be free from the evil influence of all non-Bolshevist currents of thought.)

Hopes for the future are founded on an institution known as the Union of Youthful Communists, which all schoolchildren join. The juvenile members are denied access to any but Bolshevist literature, are exempt from all moral training, allowed unbridled license, and so encouraged in a spirit of rebellion against parental authority and the influence of former preceptors that they are becoming completely demoralized. Moral training was ever one of the weakest sides of Russian life, and the elimination of whatever moral instruction there was is bound to have disastrous effects. This pernicious system is combated by the Church and by parents as far as they can and dare, but open protest is impossible.

The Bolsheviks realize as keenly as do their manifold but disrupted opponents that the secret of the future of Russia lies in education. It is said that not long before the revolution a foreign visitor indignantly told the Czar that a system of universal compulsory education ought to be established in Russia, to which he replied: "That is what I have been telling my Ministers for twenty years, but they won't listen to me." Small wonder that one of the first concerns of the Provisional Government

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was to introduce compulsory free education, and small wonder also that the Bolsheviks exerted themselves to the utmost to exploit to their own advantage the wave of thirst for knowledge that spread over Russia at the outbreak of the Great War, receiving an additional impetus from the Revolution.

To communize the teaching profession the Soviet Government resorted to abolition of all standards of education for teachers. The first qualification for appointment, especially to posts in elementary schools, became not an adequate education nor any moral qualifications, but the possession of a ticket of membership of the Communist Party. The teachers of course protested, but were denounced as "counter-revolutionary." Pronounced opposition also was shown by them to the abolition of examinations and rewards for diligence, a measure which enabled the idlest to leave school on the same footing as the most assiduous. The evils resulting from the system of compulsory mixed living in boarding-schools suddenly introduced in a land of weak morals brought education in some cases completely to a standstill. The desirability or undesirability of the suppression of religion in Russian schools may be open to discussion, but there is nothing now to replace it, for the teachers are deliberately hampered in any attempt to exert moral influence over their pupils, lest their admonitions should have a "counter-revolutionary" tendency. The figure of Lunacharsky, People's Commissar for Education and Art, is one of the least unsympathetic (perhaps one should say, one of the most pathetic) of the Revolution, but such measures as the above have completely nullified whatever good intentions he ever had.

The primary object, therefore, of the Bolshevist educational system, while conferring the benefits of elementary literacy, is so to benumb the juvenile mind as to render it impervious in its later stages of development to every influence that leads to spontaneous initiative, independence of thought, or (above all) moral uplift. The attitude of the Communist Party towards the Russian Church is that of a snarling dog. As a Moscow workman whom I met in White Russia last November observed to me: "There is only one man in all Russia whom Bolsheviks fear from the bottom of their hearts, and that is the Patriarch, Tihon." Every variety of persecution having failed, the Communists have retreated to their present attitude of malicious tolerance, contenting themselves with employing the monopolized press to defame, abuse, and vilify Christianity on every conceivable occasion, but seeking especially to protect children from what they call "demoralizing religious influence."

This is what the Bolsheviks are trying so hard to do for Russian children, and this is the method of procedure. But there is a preliminary—an essential preliminary. Astute propagandists as they are, they realize clearly that effective propaganda begins not in the head, but in the stomach. You cannot convince even ignorant and credulous Russian children of the benefits of a system that keeps their "tummies" empty or makes them go barefoot and in rags in wintertime. So the children of those *bourgeois* parents who can be persuaded to part with their little ones and such proletarian children as promise to make good Communists are gathered together in homes and colonies where they are fed on preferential rations at the expense of the general populace and are clothed mainly with clothing seized from children whose parents refuse to part with them. Some of these homes and colonies, despite endeavors, are in a deplorable condition and fail hopelessly in their object, but a desperate effort has been made to bring a few as nearly as possible up to Western standards, in order that there may be at least something to exhibit to distinguished foreign visitors.

In pursuance of the theory that all independent philanthropy is a blemish to the state, the numerous successful children's welfare institutions that grew up in the last years prior to the Revolution were subjected to gross molestation. The well-known League for the Protection of Children, a society which included several philanthropic institutions, became the object of particular persecution. Even now, when at the eleventh hour the *bourgeoisie* are being invited to serve the Soviet Government, the existence of this League is but grudgingly tolerated.

At the close of 1920 the League for the Protection of Children prepared a report on the conditions of children in Russian cities, portions of which, with other frank admissions, were published in the official Bolshevist press early this year. The statistics presented form a tragic contrast to the propagandist concoctions designed for consumption abroad.

"We are powerless," says the District Pedagogic Report for Petrograd, December, 1920, quoted in "Volia Rosii," "in face of a condition of things formerly unnoticeable in Russia, namely, the increase of juvenile immorality and prostitution. The former is the result of universal demoralization and experiments of the Soviet Government (such as combining boys' and girls' boarding-schools); the latter is consequent upon the privations of present economic conditions. Immorality has become so prevalent in our schools that drastic measures will be needed to combat it. Yet we do not see how this is possible in view of the suppression of public philanthropy in matters concerning the care of children."

"It is essential once again," says "Izvestia," March 3, 1921, "to point out the ever-increasing lack of care of children, with consequent infantile trading, theft, deceit, and more serious vices. . . . There have been cases when in a brothel on the Hitrov market-place as many as fifty children have been seized in a single day. . . . The number of children now leading street life is colossal."

"Children in the big cities," says "Trud," February, 1921, "dragged into the maelstrom of street speculation, are becoming a social calamity. In the majority of cases they are the children of workers. They support themselves and earn for the family an additional income."

"Beginning with the year 1918," says the report of the League for the Protection of Children, "juvenile destitution began to assume catastrophic proportions. The percentage of uncared-for children in Moscow, which in 1917 amounted to no more than one or two per cent, in the summer of 1920 reached twenty-five to thirty per cent. In reality, however, the number of uncared-for children is much higher even than this, for the Soviet departments dealing with children's welfare possess no adequate apparatus for registration."

A Special Conference on Children held in 1920 revealed the fact that juvenile prostitution has increased tenfold, or one thousand per cent, since 1917. The interpellation of 5,300 girls of or about fifteen years of age showed that no fewer than 4,100—that is, eighty-eight per cent—indulge in prostitution. Sailors, Red soldiers, and a vast class of profiteering speculators to which the Communist régime has given birth provide the custom for these girls' earnings. The Bolshevist Commissariat of Public Health admits that, while in 1917 in hospitals for venereal diseases there were twelve per cent of children to eighty-eight per cent adults, there are now sixty per cent children to forty per cent adults.

Such are the appalling results of the system of children's upbringing established under Bolshevist Communism. Fortunately, there are those who recognize the supreme gravity of this problem and have taken it into their hands to save as many as possible of those Russian children whose good fortune it has been to be thrown, even destitute and orphaned, outside the pale of all vitiating Bolshevist influence. The Russian Relief and Reconstruction Society of London is devoting its entire energy and resources to this end and is establishing schools and homes in those centers on the outskirts of Russia where refugees are most congested. The children of these schools are destined to form a leaven wherewith to purify juvenile Russia the moment the present system in Russia comes to an end. The call for funds should appeal to all, wherever they may be, who fear the world revolution or the canker of Bolshevism, and I cannot but think that my many friends on this side of the water will be willing to assist this association. Those who will aid may send checks to J. P. Morgan & Co., Wall Street, New York, payable to the Russian Relief and Reconstruction Fund. What the need is may be seen from the fact that it is stated that the sum of $150 will keep a boy or girl for a year and mean one more child to help restore the world to sanity and one less for world revolution.

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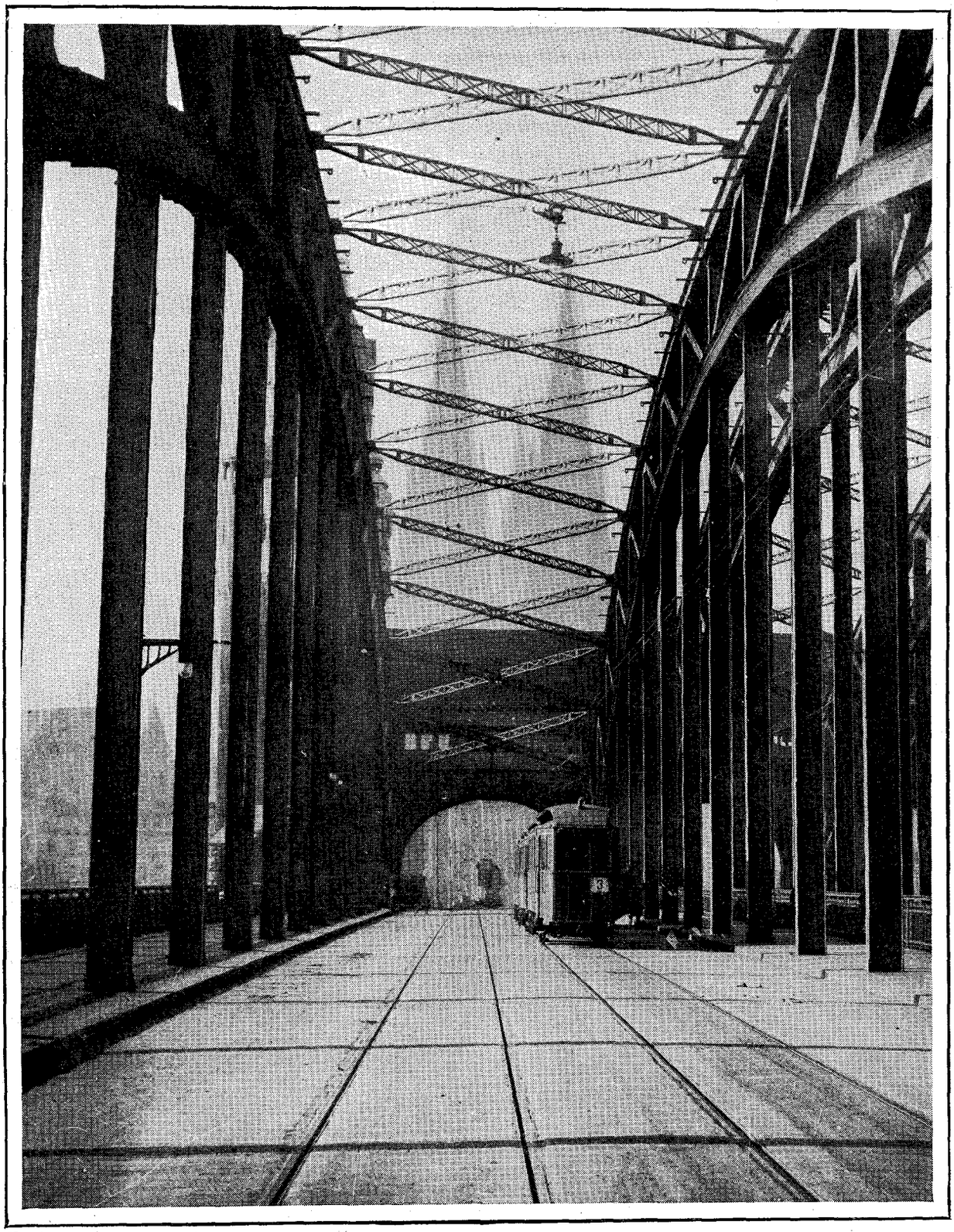
WHERE THE BRITISH WATCH ON THE RHINE



Keystone

THE COLOGNE BRIDGEHEAD

This is one of the gates of Germany guarded by the Allies. The towers in the distance are those of the famous Cologne Cathedral

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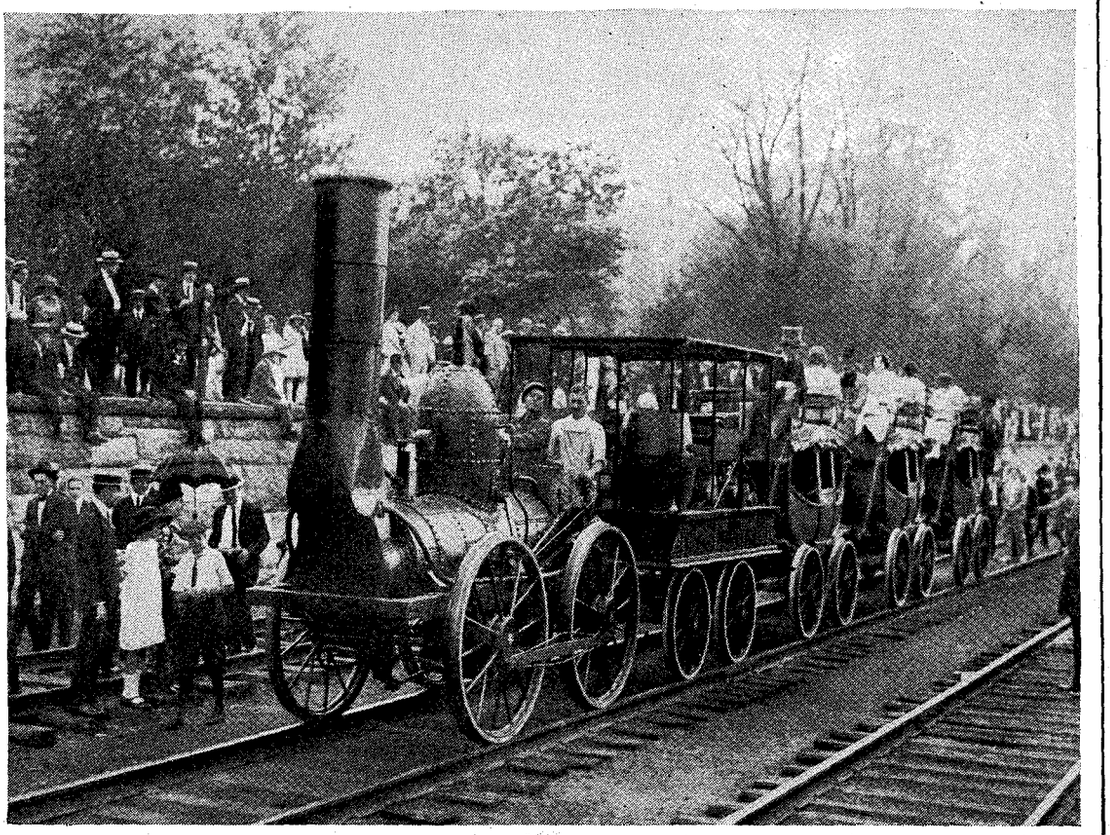
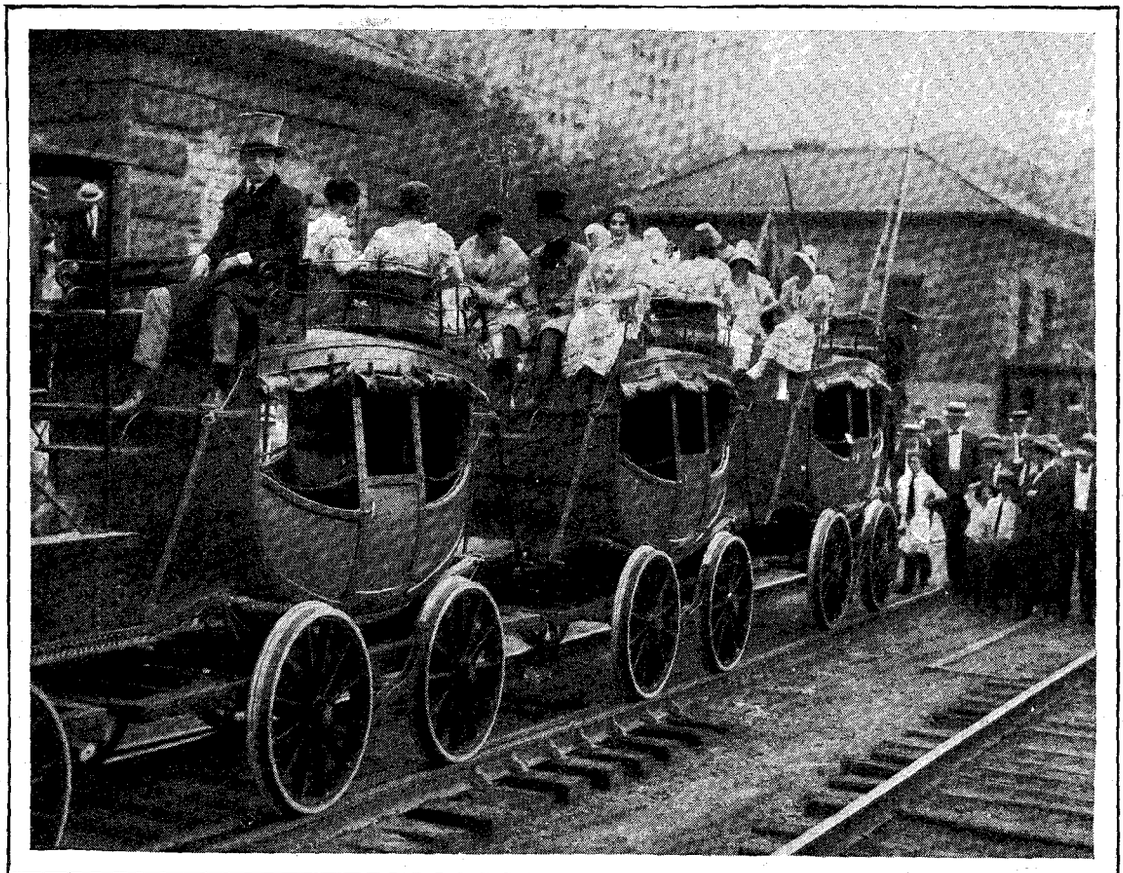
RAILWAY TRAVEL NINETY YEARS AGO



(C) Keystone

THE DE WITT CLINTON, THE FIRST ENGINE THAT EVER HAULED A PASSENGER TRAIN IN NEW YORK STATE

Preparatory to its exhibition at a Pageant of Progress in Chicago, from July 30 to August 14, the locomotive of our grandfathers, itself the grandfather of our locomotives, drew a train of cars at the speed of eight miles an hour along the tracks of the New York Central in New York City the other day. The train consisted of three passenger coaches modeled after the ancient ones that ran on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad ninety years ago. Aboard these toylike coaches were men and women in the costumes of the period. The original coaches, a correspondent writes us, were made by James Goold of Albany, a prominent carriage maker in that locality. The concern is still doing business and is owned and managed by a grandson and great-grandson of the founder



Central News

AS RAILWAY TRAVELERS APPEARED IN 1831, WHEN THE FIRST TRAIN TO RUN IN NEW YORK STATE MADE ITS TRIP FROM ALBANY TO SCHENECTADY

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THE NEW T. R.

BY MERCER VERNON

WASHINGTON undoubtedly has an eye-full. What with a new President, a new First Lady, a clean sweep in the Cabinet, and "Laddie," assimilation has necessarily been confined, just at first, to the ranking members of the new Administration. Presently, however, the capital will go exploring. When it does, it will discover in its midst a veritable wealth of new and interesting figures. It is then that the capital, and the country at large, will discover a young man of thirty-three years who has before him two extremely difficult tasks. One of these is the efficient administration of all of the land establishments of the American Navy—the navy yards, aviation and torpedo stations, submarine bases and training stations. The other is that of giving to a famed and cherished American name a new, but consistent, significance. This young man is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and son and namesake of one of the country's most beloved Presidents.

"Is he like his father?"

That is the question which is invariably asked. Unconsciously, those making the inquiry are usually prepared to place this thirty-three-year-old Theodore Roosevelt in strict comparison with the highly matured Theodore Roosevelt whom they knew and loved of old. So when they ask, "Is he like his father?" those who know the new T. R. can best reply: "He is probably more like his father than his father was like himself at a similar age."

They mean, of course, that the new T. R. is appreciably more Rooseveltian than was his father at thirty-three. The new T. R. had constantly before him the example and guidance of the matured T. R., and is now as much like him as an elder son could possibly be. Every one is aware of the inspiring companionship that existed between the elder Roosevelt and his children, and it becomes increasingly apparent in talking with the new T. R. He speaks constantly of his late father. Scarcely an incident occurs that does not remind him of something that his father said or did, and which at the time was shared with his family.

"That reminds me of something father once said," the young T. R. will constantly observe, and he will then relate an incident which, despite the countless volumes of Roosevelt anecdotes, is probably new. In quoting his father he uses not only his words but his mannerisms and his sharp, staccato tone, and it is then that it is difficult to distinguish one T. R. from the other.

"He imitates his father too much," some one will say after his first encounter with the new T. R. They mean that his greeting possesses much of the warmth and enthusiasm and much of the eccentricity of the elder T. R. They mean that he slaps you on the back in the old beloved way and tells you that he is "very, *very*, V-E-R-Y glad to see you." He does all of these truly Rooseveltian things. But it is not imitation. It is his natural heritage from a companionship that was constant and close.

(C) Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SON OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

"He is probably more like his father than his father was like himself at a similar age"

Let me tell you of a little incident in Indiana which has never before been in print. You may then judge whether this thirty-three-year-old Roosevelt is a Roosevelt indeed. It happened at his hotel, directly following an evening meeting in the recent Presidential campaign. The local committee had remained with him to discuss the political situation.

"Who was the dark-haired chap who came up and shook my hands," the Colonel inquired, "and said he had served with me overseas?"

"That was Johnny H——," the chairman replied. "He's a great disappointment to the town."

"Why?" the Colonel asked.

"Well," said the chairman, "Johnny was something of a hero over there—a real hero, I guess. When he came back, the whole town met him at the station. We named a park in his honor, elected him to life membership in the Board of Trade, and gave him a place in one of our largest banks. That was a year ago. To-day he is back at his old job, in a lumber yard, and has dropped completely out of sight."

The young T. R. leaned forward. His face was drawn and his lower jaw shot out at a familiar angle.

"And the man is ab-so-lute-ly right!" he roared, shaking his fist in the faces of the astonished local committee.

"I have seen that happen too many times," he continued, sharply. "The home town of a returned hero usually makes a perfect monkey of him. It dresses him up in fine clothes, sticks him in a place which has no earthly relation to anything else he has ever done in his life, and then expects him to be a success. Nine times out of ten the man fails, the town loses interest in him, and he slips back into his old rut, and very naturally becomes a malcontent. You are the ones at fault. Instead of placing this man in a bank, why didn't you put him in his proper environment—set him up in the right way in the right place? Johnny H—— is perfectly right in his attitude."

That was like his father—but it was not imitation. It came spontaneously, straight from the heart and shoulder, and without fear or favor for his uncomfortable hosts. It was the old spirit of fair play, the square deal, and the inherent Roosevelt sympathy for the under dog.

"He likes folks," said Governor Edwin P. Morrow, of Kentucky, after a few days spent with the new T. R. in the campaign. Governor Morrow had seen the new T. R. address three large audiences in a single day. He had seen him consent to speak to every way-station group of Kentuckians that gathered at the rear of his car. He had seen him embrace the spare, bewhiskered elders of the "moonshine" districts, who still cherished the memory of another T. R. He had seen him urge upon the mountain women the importance of voting. And he had seen him strip off his clothes and swim across a river with a group of mountain boys for the sheer delight of joining with others in adventure.

"He likes folks," the Governor repeated on many occasions, and in these few words he had summed up the outstanding trait of the new T. R. He does like folks. He likes old folks, he likes young folks, and he particularly likes "just plain folks." I had the pleasure of accompanying the new T. R. throughout a campaign tour covering twenty-one States last fall. The most interesting period was always the hand-shaking that followed the formal programme. It was seldom announced that he would

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shake hands. The process simply broke out at the conclusion of the speech, and continued until the last person in the audience had spoken with him personally. They would usually say:

"I knew your father."

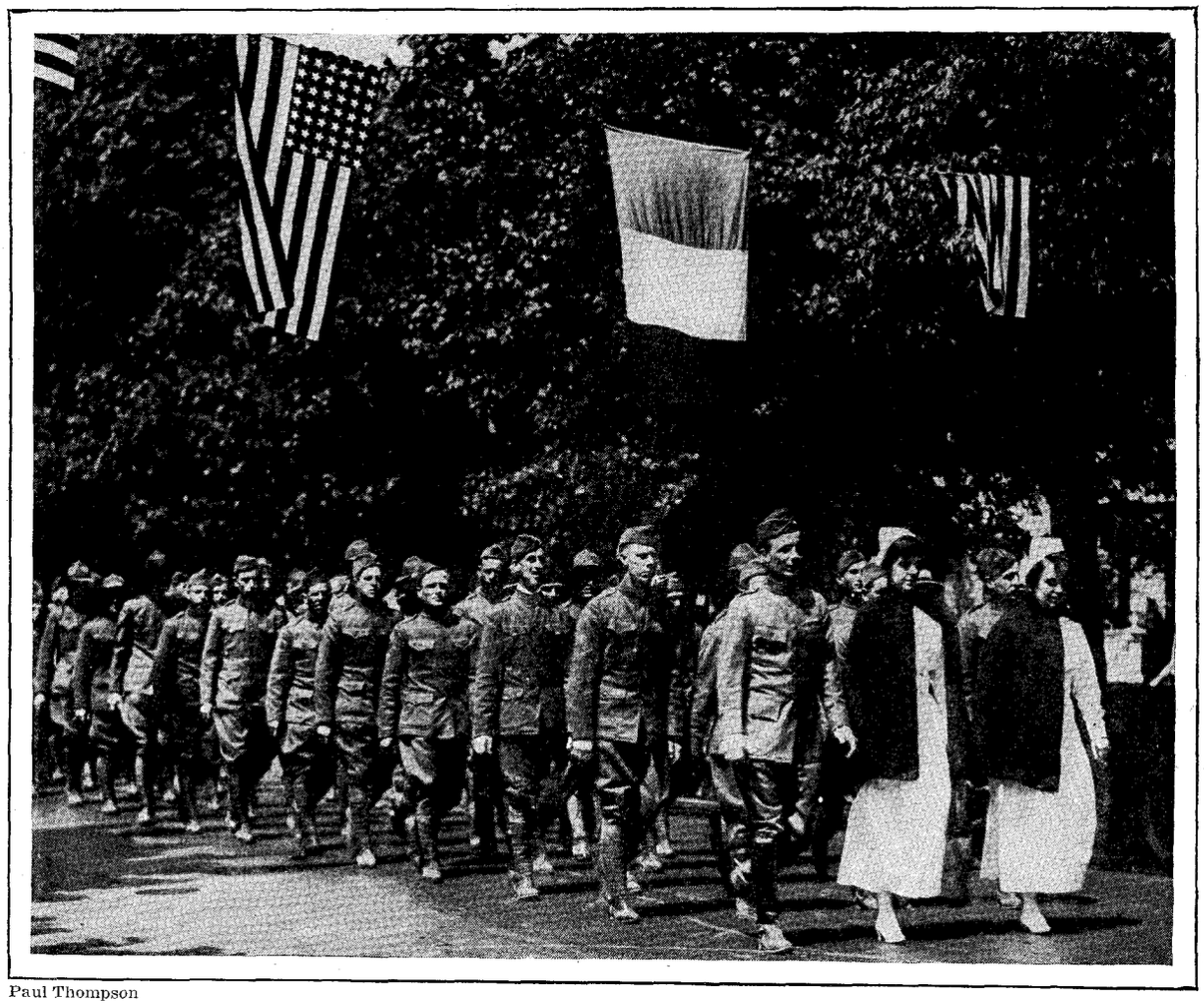
It is probable that the young T. R. heard that one remark fifty thousand times, from fifty thousand individual Americans, on that first tour as a political speaker. He heard it from the lips of men and women in all walks of life and in all parts of the country. Each of them said it as though it were being said for the first time—eagerly, reverently, and affectionately—and the young T. R. was always glad to hear it. "Isn't that fine?" he would usually exclaim, and he would always inquire where they had known him. His inquiry would frequently bring forth some simple reminiscence which was plainly precious to the man or woman relating it.

"Well, now, isn't that interesting—extremely interesting?" the young T. R. would reply. Or, "Do you know, I remember father telling us about that at home." In a surprising number of cases he would actually recall the incidents involved. He would tell how his father, back at the White House or Oyster Bay after a campaign tour, had spoken of the incident at the dinner table. Occasionally the new T. R. would find a grizzled citizen who had known his father long before he entered the White House. To him he would say: "Old Timer, I want to talk with you before I go. Come around to my hotel."

"T. R. LIVES AGAIN" is the headline which appeared in a Detroit newspaper after the first appearance of the new T. R. in that Roosevelt stronghold. This newspaper didn't mean that the new T. R. had taken up the Roosevelt trail at the exact point where his father had left it off. It did mean, though, that the new T. R., under the eyes of a critical audience, had successfully measured up to the Roosevelt tradition. It meant that the old Roosevelt spirit, the old Roosevelt enthusiasm and "love of folks," lived again in the new T. R., and that he was indeed "the worthy son of a noble father."

This experience was repeated time and again on his initial political tour. Received everywhere with a certain skepticism, he won his own way almost instantly. This was particularly true of his brief swing through the so-called Roosevelt country in Montana and North Dakota. It is this section of the country that claims the elder T. R. for its own. It was here that more was demanded of the new T. R. than in any other section of the country. And it was here that he achieved a genuine triumph. The men of the ranges and mines were amazed at the wealth of information concerning the early West which he had absorbed from his father. They were delighted at his intimate reference to local traditions and his ability to speak their own language. He slipped up only once. Arrangements had been made for the young T. R. to hunt prairie-chickens. He had made the suggestion himself by wire, and his first inquiry upon reaching the local hotel was about the anticipated hunt. "When do we start gunning?" he inquired, eagerly. *Gunning?* The prairiemen thought that was about the most amusing thing they had ever heard. They roared lustily, and one of them exclaimed, good-naturedly: "You must of got that from some of your British buddies, over there." It wasn't exactly Rooseveltian, and it wasn't at all Western—but they forgave him. They forgave him because everything else he had done or said since arriving had met with their complete approval. They forgave him particularly because of a little incident occurring at the railway station. Arrangements had been made for a parade of cowboys astride their ponies to be headed by the young T. R. in an ornately decorated automobile.

"Is that for me?" the young T. R. inquired, pointing at the automobile.



Paul Thompson

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR. (AT THE RIGHT, THE FIRST MAN IN THE COLUMN), MARCHING WITH OTHER VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR IN A CELEBRATION AT THE HOME TOWN OF THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY—OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK

"He already has behind him a military record of genuine worth"

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When informed that it was, he promptly told the committee that there would be no parade unless he were permitted to ride a cow-pony. The automobile was side-tracked, and the parade, with the young T. R. astride of a mud-colored bronco, made its way through the cheering crowds.

There is a lot of the old T. R. in the new T. R. There is something else besides. Not for a moment does he forget that much of the attention which is given to him is simply through affection for his father. He knows thoroughly that he has his own way to make in the world, and he intends to do it. He has taken a homely motto for his own guidance—"Every tub must stand on its own bottom." He has done amazingly well at the start. He already has behind him a military record of genuine worth. He has served acceptably as a member of the New York State Assembly, and—as he would personally point out—he is the father of four children. To-day, at the age of thirty-three, he is Assistant Secretary of the Navy—an office in which his father made his first appearance in National public life. There is no doubt that the new T. R. will succeed in his official position, and there is no doubt that the public, when it finds time to look him up a little more intimately, will find in him a character which it will come to hold in genuine affection.

MILLENNIUM OR ARMAGEDDON

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEMS WHICH FACE THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCES AT WASHINGTON

BY P. W. WILSON

EVERY day furnishes evidence that the world is awaking to the momentous issues challenged by President Harding when he summoned certain of the Powers to what will be known in history as the Washington Conference. However this matter now proceeds, that invitation, already recorded, must leave the chances of peace in the coming years either definitely better or definitely worse. For the Conference to fail would be serious. In 1870 Gladstone proposed to France and Prussia that they should limit armaments, but Bismarck refused and war followed. In 1898 there was the Czar's rescript, in a similar sense, but the nations did not heed, and a few years later there broke out the Russo-Japanese War. At the Hague Conferences disarmament was resisted and Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin in 1912 came to nothing. Once more, in August, 1914, the peace was shattered. It is impossible, therefore, to discuss the Washington Conference without a solemn sense that here is a drama which means life or death in its ultimate *dénouement*.

PRESIDENT HARDING has decided at the outset a point of profound significance. In respect of disarmament, there are two schools of thought. The first of these maintains that we can, here and now, disband our troops and scrap our ships, leaving any differences among nations to be settled later by negotiation or some judicial process. It is on this theory that the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations is proceeding with its deliberations at Paris. Three sub-committees are at work: the first, on the private manufacture and traffic in munitions; the second, on the right of investigation and international control of armaments; and the third, on the collection of statistics, showing what armaments there are in the world and the expenditure upon them. These committees are to report by September, and one question is whether the information so rendered available will be admitted at Washington, where the story is that letters from the League of Nations remain unanswered! The attitude of many Wilsonian Democrats, as explained to me, is that they welcome President Harding's action because, in their view, disarmament will be found impossible except through the League.

According to the second school of thought, there must be a settlement of outstanding international difficulties if the world is to disarm; and for this reason President Harding has called for two conferences—the first to deal with problems of the Pacific, and the second with armaments. For the Pacific Conference, there are invited Britain and her Dominions, France, Italy, Japan, and China; while Holland, with the Dutch Indies, claims a seat. This list is criticised because it includes Italy, which country has no interests in the Far East, while it excludes any Latin-American state and Russia. It is, however, obvious that the main parties to the Conference are the United States and Japan, on whose agreement everything else depends. The Armaments Conference, which presumably must await the success of the other, will consist of Great Powers only—the United States, Britain, France, Japan, and Italy. Once more there are critics who would like to see Germany, and even Russia, at the table.

THE aim of the first or Far Eastern Conference is not to deal with the late war, which was done ill or well at Paris, but to prevent the next war, to make peace before war comes, or, as the late W. T. Stead would have put it, to negotiate *before* you fight. The nearest modern parallel to this gathering has been the Congress of Berlin, also summoned to handle an Eastern question, to revise a Treaty of Peace (San Stefano), which, like Yap and Shantung, was unsatisfactory to an English-speaking Power—in that case, Britain. In Berlin Disraeli attended as Prime Minister, bringing back peace with honor. And if the Irish question is settled, Mr. Lloyd George, also Prime Minister, hopes to be a delegate—this despite the attacks of Lord Northcliffe. Indeed, there has been the even bolder proposal that the Prince of Wales might be allowed a seat as "spectator," which would almost necessitate the presence of Prince Hirohito, of Japan. It is perhaps a safe rule to avoid ceremonial innovations which might complicate serious business. If he comes across, Mr. Lloyd George will of course take some of the risk that proved almost too much for President Wilson. Assuming his welcome, we have also to consider under what circumstances he will leave for home. It was the return journey that mattered to the American delegation at Paris. It is to be hoped, moreover, that invaluable time and strength will not be wasted, as in Europe, upon banquets and receptions, which should have followed the work to be done instead of delaying it.

This will be the first conference of the kind held at Washington or in the atmosphere of the New World. Over cables and correspondents there will be in this case no censorship. Even private discussions will be made almost public next morning. In London this prospect has made diplomatists of the old school rather nervous, and there has been an idea of getting the more awkward issues out of the way before the Conference meets. Washington has vetoed, however, any notion of a formal conference in London which might clear the ground for events at Washington. The Dominion Prime Ministers, now in London, are discussing matters among themselves.

It is indicated that President Harding will not attend the Conferences, where he will be represented by Secretary Hughes. As associates of Secretary Hughes many distinguished men have been mentioned—Elihu Root, Herbert Hoover, Senator Lodge, and so on. Two principles are likely to be followed: First, that the delegates shall include Senators—omitted at Paris; and, secondly, that among them shall be Democrats. President Harding knows that, after the failure in the United States of the Treaty of Versailles, he may be

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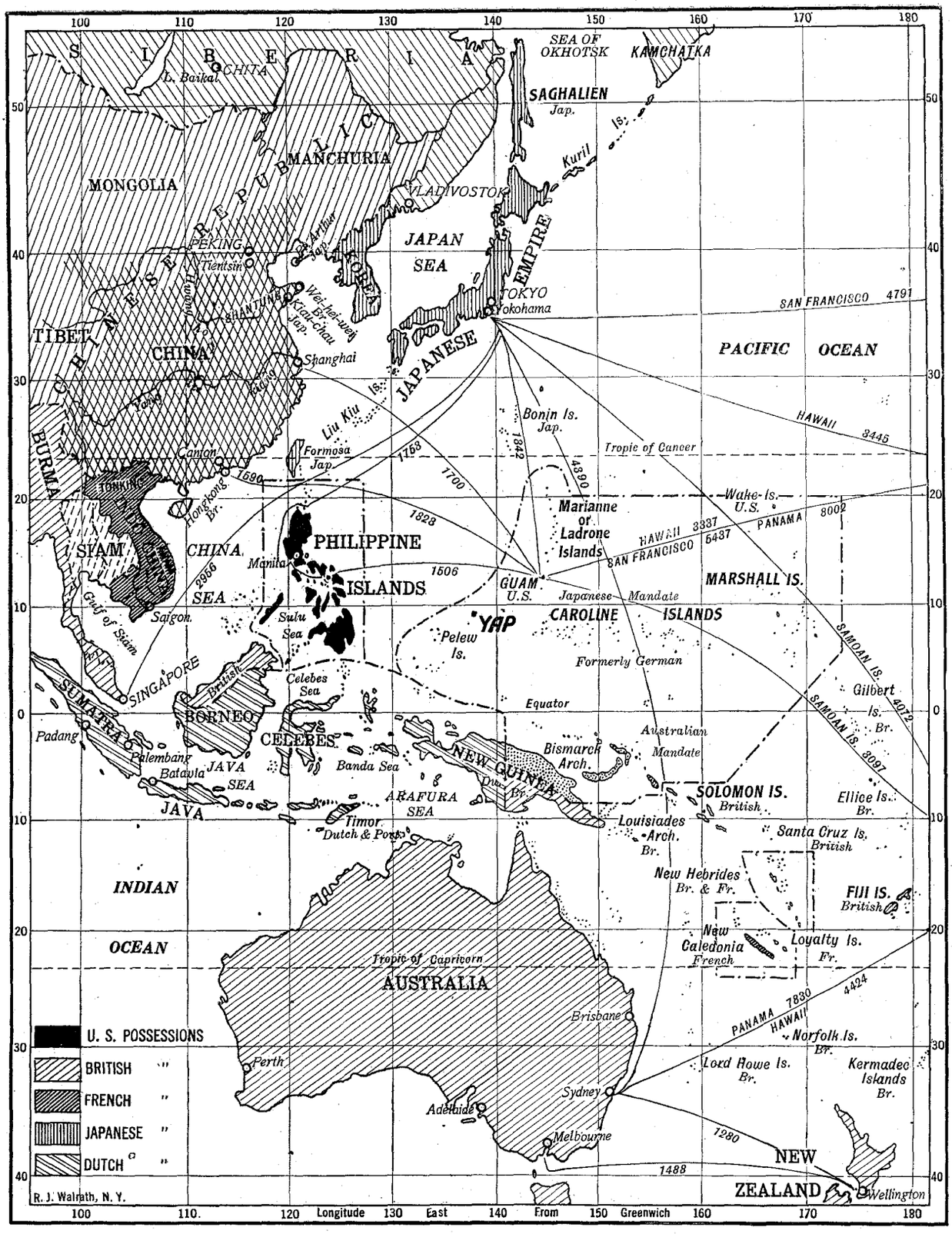

THE STAGE SETTING OF THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

AT the extreme northeast corner of the map are the republics of Siberia, the capital of one of which is Chita, while that of another is Vladivostok. The island of Saghalien, formerly half Russian, is now in fact wholly under Japanese control. Shantung is under control of Japan by virtue of her occupation of Kiaochau. French interests in the Pacific are chiefly in Indo-China. British interests in China center along the Yangtse River, at Weihaiwei, and at Hongkong. Shanghai is a treaty port. The territorial interests of Holland are in the islands of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, the western half of New Guinea, and intervening smaller islands—all known as the Dutch East Indies. Belgium has applied for inclusion in the Conference on the strength of her railway and financial interests in China. All the other Powers have similar, though unequal, interests. American interests in the Pacific center in the Philippines, Guam, and Wake Island, besides Midway and the Hawaiian and Samoan Islands, which are not on the map.

The islands formerly German are the islands in the middle of the map, east of the Philippines, inclosed in a dot-and-dash line. Of these islands, those north and south of the equator were given by the Treaty of Versailles to Japan and Australia, respectively, under a mandate; the United States, not being party to the Treaty, has not yet officially consented to this arrangement. Besides these, the German part of Samoa was given to New Zealand. That part of New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago which was formerly German are indicated by a dotted line. At present Yap, one of the smaller of the Caroline group, is a bone of contention. As it is the center of international cables, the United States is unwilling that Japan should have complete control of it under a mandate from the League of Nations. This island, though small in territory, is now big in importance.

Steamer distances from important points, especially those not on the map, are indicated.

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faced at the Conferences with the question whether (in common parlance) he can "deliver the goods." Hence his determination to have Congress at his back from the outset. It has been suggested that the Conferences might meet in the building where Senators have their offices, which includes a marble hall for caucuses. Provided the acoustics are satisfactory, which I am told is doubtful, there might be a tactical advantage in having the Conferences at the Capitol, under the eye of Congress, instead of at the rival end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

JAPAN is ready to agree to limit armaments here and now, but she prefers that Pacific problems be not discussed. In other words, her solution for the future is peace and the *status quo*. With the *status quo* in the Far East the United States is not entirely satisfied and Japan is so informed. She answers that she must know in advance what Far Eastern or Asiatic problems are to be put upon the *agenda*. The reply of the United States to this is, at the moment, that the *agenda* will depend on the Conference itself. Hence there arise the following questions:

(1) Will the Anglo-Japanese Alliance come before the Conference or will it be denounced in advance? Has it been already, in effect, killed by the opposition of the British Dominions to the British Foreign Office? And what importance should be attached to the opinion of Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor of England, that the Alliance continues automatically for a year from June? Can Mr. Lloyd George obtain a contrary opinion from his law officers in time for the Conference?

(2) How will the mandate over Yap be treated, and with it the whole question of ocean cables, on which the International Cable Conference at Washington failed to agree? Will the discussion be broadened so as to include the Japanese mandate over other German islands north of the equator, and especially the fortifications of those islands, lying as they do on the routes between the United States and the Philippines? Will Japan, on her side, then raise the question of mandates given to Australia for islands south of the equator? And how will all this affect the League of Nations at Geneva, which authorized the mandates?

(3) Is Japanese sovereignty over Korea to be challenged and her administration of that Kingdom, with alleged abuses, reviewed? At Washington there is an independent Korean Commission. How far will Japan ease this aspect of the position by pushing home her reforms in Korea and allowing freedom of the press, by which alone the sincerity of the reforms can be guaranteed to the civilized world?

(4) Is it the intention of Japan to evacuate Shantung, absolutely and without equivocation, leaving to China the guardianship of railways and other property and confining Japanese enterprise to the commerce which she shares with other nations foreign to China? Is China to be given powers to prevent Japanese and any other smuggling of opium into her territories?

(5) The Government at Peking will be represented at the Conference—to quote Mr. Balfour—"as an independent Power." But will President Sun Yat-sen, of the Southern Chinese Republic, be also recognized? And what is to happen about the Siberian Republic, of which the capital is Chita? And what about Manchuria? Is Japan to retain the northern half of Saghalien?

(6) What is to be the interpretation of "the open door"? on which question the facts may be, perhaps, briefly explained:

In 1894 the war between Japan and China destroyed the prestige of the latter Empire. Various European Powers —Russia, Germany, and Britain, in particular—therefore declared what they called "spheres of influence" over large areas of the disintegrating country. While Japan acquired Formosa, she held aloof otherwise from this game of grab —perhaps she had then no choice—and even supported Secretary Hay when in 1900 he compelled Europe to acknowledge the doctrine of "the open door," which means, broadly, the principle of equal commercial opportunity in the regions under development. At this period, therefore, Japan and the United States were standing together against the exclusive enterprises of the Old World, which threatened to shut out both of them from the Chinese market.

In 1905 Japan had beaten Russia and acquired Korea. It was no longer a question of Europe shutting out Japan, but of Japan shutting out everybody else; and in 1908, therefore, there was the Root-Takahira interchange of notes, by which Japan, now becoming predominant in the Far East, reiterated to the United States her assurance of "the open door."

In 1914 Europe was paralyzed by war, and Japan dispossessed Germany of Shantung. Profiting by the confusion, she forced on European belligerents in the dark days preceding 1917 a series of secret agreements disposing of Far Eastern interests to her own advantage, and on China she pressed the famous Twenty-one Demands, which amounted to annexation. Even the United States had to concede the Lansing-Ishii notes, which added to the doctrine of "the open door" the concession that Japan has "special interests" in China, due to geographical propinquity. The phrase, "special interests," was magnified by Japan into "paramount interests" and was so translated into Chinese and promulgated four days before the date of publication agreed with the United States. There arise, therefore, the questions:

(1) Are any European Powers still bound by secret agreements made with Japan during the war? The answer is, Presumably not.

(2) Is China thus bound? Her reply is that she signed nothing, save under duress. How, then, is China to be save in the future from such compulsion? I the United States ready to help in th management of her finances, as the were managed for so many years an with such conspicuous fidelity by Si Robert Hart? How are you otherwis to lift mandarins above their habitua bribery? Is it possible to make the ex isting Consortium of the United States Japan, Britain, France, and Belgium a real instrument for extending and unit ing her railways, by which alone Chin can be saved from falling apart, and fo developing equitably her other re sources? If China falls a prey to some other Power, how is she to be defended? And how are the incalculable mineral re sources of Siberia to be apportioned?

JAPAN is herself deeply stirred. The militarists, led by Prince Yamagata and Admiral Kato, are fighting the movement for a broader franchise and for disarmament, which has attained through the eloquence of Ozaki a most formidable impetus. Prime Minister Hara wants peace and a measure of progress. The masses are tired of taxation and conscription and are scandalized by exposures of graft and bribery in high places. And the Emperor is relaxing the etiquette which symbolizes divine right.

The question is whether Japan will raise the problem of race equality and immigration. Her population is increasing. Where and on what terms may the surplus emigrate? If California, British Columbia, New Zealand, and Australia—even tropical Australia, where white men cannot live—are closed, will Japanese already domiciled in these countries at least receive full citizenship side by side with the white man? Will immigration into the Philippines, Hawaii, the Dutch Indies, and Latin America continue? And with what opportunities for holding land? If the white man has his Monroe Doctrine for North and South America, is the yellow man to have no Monroe Doctrine for eastern Asia? May Japanese penetrate China, carrying their flag, or when they enter must they leave their flag behind them? And is China to come, like India and Mesopotamia and Egypt, under "Anglo-Saxon" suzerainty? These are tremendous and searching questions, probing to the very roots of man's rights as man. Provision must be made, not indeed for Japan's imperialism, but for the commercial progress and reasonable emigration of the Japanese. Otherwise the militarists will say—most foolishly, but none the less plausibly—that the only way is war.

ASSUMING a settlement in the Pacific, proposals for disarmament would then be in order. For the United States, Great Britain, and Japan a reduction of navies would be immediately possible. Presumably, the United States would modify her battleship programme of 1916, while Japan would respond with a change in her so-called Eight-Eight schedule of battleships and battle-cruis-

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ers. Fortifications rapidly proceeding in the Pacific on both sides would cease. With regard to the British fleet, the position is that the very Navy League, organized to promote expansion, is now advocating reduction, and for an excellent reason—Britain has no quarrel either with her twenty years' ally, Japan, or with the United States, and she does not want the size of her navy to become a cause of quarrel.

On land, the United States and the British Empire are already disarmed. Canada, for instance, is reducing her forces this year from 4,400 to 4,000 men—this for about seven millions of people. Disarmament on land is thus a problem, not for those who speak English, but for the rest of Europe, including Russia, and for Japan. Under what guaranties will France and Italy join Japan in abolishing conscription? Are the United States and Britain prepared to give those guaranties? Must there be formal treaties or will gentlemen's agreements be sufficiently explicit and binding? Will it be necessary to control war material, the making of poisons, and so on, and, if so, will independent nations submit to such supervision of industry by an international commission? The war has shown that metals, etc., can be thus watched, if society thinks it worth while.

And, finally, will there grow out of the Washington Conferences a permanent Association of Nations which shall include the United States and all other civilized Powers?

JUST AS MUCH FUN IN YOUR OWN LITTLE TOWN

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Courtesy of Community Service

BY GATHERING TO LISTEN TO A BAND CONCERT OF GOOD MUSIC TOWNSPEOPLE BECOME BETTER NEIGHBORS

DINING with Biaggi the other night—at Migliore's, as usual—I said: "Bimbo, I've often wondered why you Sicilians will consent to live packed together on this hideous East Side of New York when you grew up in charming villages. How can you tolerate the city?"

"Because of its beautiful country life," he replied.

A great wag is Bimbo, a great lover of paradox; Chesterton would adore him. Yet reflect. Outside the restaurant a village *festa* was raging. Arches of colored lights spanned Elizabeth Street. American and Italian flags waved everywhere. Confetti rained down from roofs, balconies, and fire-escapes. Children frolicked on a portable merry-go-round. Paper balloons soared aloft. A procession with gay banners wormed its way through the crowds. Blaring alternately, two Italian bands competed for a prize.

"You see why we like it," said Bimbo. "Big times; play; sociability; friendliness; everybody a good mixer, just as in a Sicilian village. And when we go out into the country, what do we find but city life? *Basta!* Your country folks don't know how to play. They don't pull together. They don't really know one another. They're stiff, like uptown people here in New York. That's why we can't endure living in the country. We miss the village jollity of this good old East Side."

Only that morning I had been reading Dr. Warren H. Wilson's remarks upon our so-called country life: "No play for the children; no recreation for the young people; no adequate opportunities for acquaintance and marriage," and none for "that satisfaction of the social instinct" which would make the village "a good place to live in."

However, I had also been reading about Salida, Colorado, "a mining town of four thousand people, which to-day is putting on grand opera and the finest plays in the English language. The people are painting their own scenery and making their own costumes. Practically every citizen of Salida takes part in some production, the actors ranging from little children to women in their seventies."

But when I spoke of Salida, Bimbo asked, "Who are those people? Americans?"

I had to tell him: "Well, of a sort. Imported, though. People from Mexico, Spain, France, Italy, Bohemia, and Serbia."

"There you are!" said he, and, obviously, there I was. I said, "Bimbo, a celebrated American humorist named Josh Billings advises, 'When you argy, allus git beat.'"

Dropping the subject—or, at all events, attempting to—I spoke of having lately visited a new church uptown to examine its exquisitely carved pulpit and choir stalls. I was interested because I had met the craftsman, who remarked, 'Perhaps you have seen me before, when I lived in Oberammergau, and I used to act in the Passion Play there.'"

"Aha!" said Bimbo. "Still getting beat!"

I was. Imagine a Passion Play in Spoon River or Gopher Prairie! Why, bless you, one might as well suggest grand opera for Mechanicsville Junction or imagine any typically American village or "tank town" going in spontaneously for "the finest plays in the English language" with home-grown performers. Our country folks seem devoid, not only of the impulse, but of the capacity. As Dr. Wilson puts it: "Allowing for some exceptions, not too

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Courtesy of Community Service

NEIGHBORS OF FOREIGN ORIGIN, AMONG THEM CROATIANS, POLES, BULGARIANS, AND RUSSIANS, GATHER FOR A "COMMUNITY SING" IN A NEW YORK TOWN, AND LISTEN TO AN ADDRESS ON AMERICANIZATION

numerous, it may be said that throughout the prosperous and productive farming regions of the United States which have been settled for fifty years community life has disappeared."

Not very long ago, Mr. John R. Colter found a little town in North Carolina "socially poverty-stricken." It was a century and a half old, so he tells us, and "sixty per cent of its white citizens were members of five or six families who had lived there for generations; yet there were persons who did not know their own cousins living a few rods off. There was no neighborliness, no spirit of get-together. The people themselves said so." In the South! It sounds almost incredible, especially as "the town was isolated by nature and had remained so for lack of good roads. You might think that a community which is visited by a single train and single little river boat a day would have learned to become socially self-nourishing. But it had not. Never at any time did the people all get together to talk, to sing, walk, play, listen to entertainment, or laugh together. Their children did not know how to play games and get fun out of them—which boded ill for the next generation. And thus things had been going on in this North Carolina town for a long while."

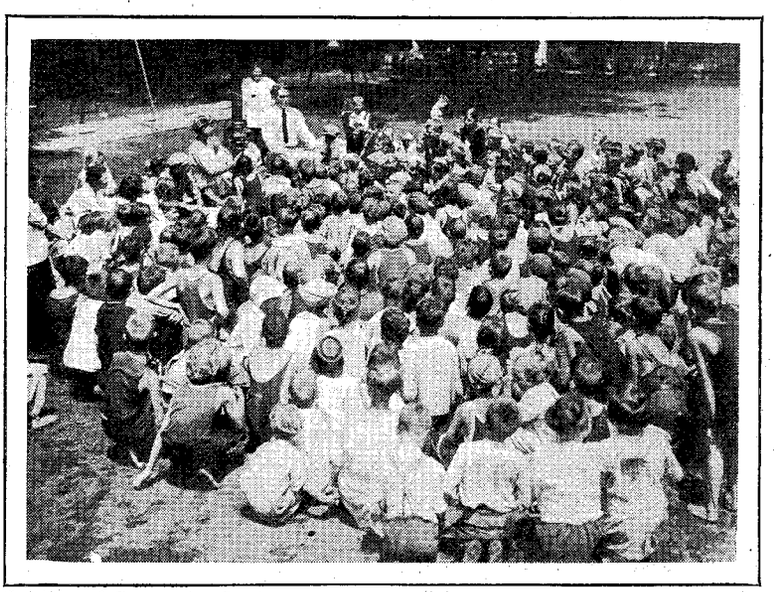
It is not from mere belief in jollity for its own sake that one would wish to elevate such towns to the Elizabeth Street standard. It is from a profound, albeit unwilling, belief in the dire and woeful result of not elevating them to that standard. When a town loses the play spirit it loses good fellowship, and when it loses good fellowship it loses efficiency, and when it loses efficiency it loses people. The last Census revealed the alarming fact that more than half of us now live in cities. What wonder? From "dead" towns the younger set move away—or the pluckiest of them do. And you have then a case of "natural selection the other end to, a survival of the unfittest." Stick-in-the-muds remain, and run the place; or, more properly, walk it; or, still more properly, "leave it lay." The church declines. Schools decline. The very look of things betrays a retrograde movement. Houses lack paint. Grounds go ill-kept. On every hand there develops a suggestion of incompetency and unsuccess. Meanwhile the individual life grows narrow and a little hard, and more and more the villagers shrink from one another, dislike one another. Of such a town it was said, without much exaggeration, "This isn't a community, it is a disease."

I lived a year in that town. Its diversions were prayer-meetings, funerals, and fires, with now and then an auction. I respected the prayer-meeting. In a doleful, tragical way, I respected the funerals. They were especially doleful, especially tragical. Death, in that town, meant loss of population. Nothing was growing but the graveyard. And fire meant irreparable loss. A burned buil ing was never replaced. But the au tions—I laugh. Dolefully, it is tru yet I laugh. Among my most viv memories is the spectacle of Moe Syk and Sadie Green driving up Bumbleb Hill five miles in a pouring rain to loc on at an auction—and as excited as on their way to a Harvard-Yale Gam Poor things, they were recreationall starved!

Well, as Bimbo might ask (and pro ably will when we next meet Migliore's), what are you going to d about it? The problem is not nev President Hyde, of Bowdoin, and Pres dent Tucker, of Dartmouth, exploited years ago. President Roosevelt's Cou try Life Commission plowed the sam field. And it is years now since we b gan to hear that some astonishing inn vation or other would obligingly Sicilia ize our "socially poverty-stricken" vi lages and small towns. For a time was the telephone. Then it was th trolley car. Next it was the motor ca A bit later it was the graphophon Later still it was the social settlement But, while all these innovations tende to relieve what a peppery person quote by Dr. Wilson terms "the intolerabl condition of country life," material kep piling up for Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Mai Street."

Nevertheless there have been excep tions to the general rule of monoton and aching dullness. Dr. Wilson him self admits it. And this morning I hav been devouring a booklet on "Rural an Small Community Recreation," whic tells of the exceptions. Some friends o mine up in the Metropolitan Towe (Community Service, Incorporated, the style themselves) prepared this inspir ing little encyclopædia of good times with a view to showing dead-and-alive towns how easily they can jollify thei existence. Moral: Go to it!

There will be great argument a



Courtesy of Community Service

THIS IS A FREQUENT SCENE IN WASHINGTON PARK PLAYGROUND, CINCINNATI. THE CHILDREN, SOME OF THEM FRESH FROM A SWIM IN THE PARK POOL, ARE LISTENING TO THE COMMUNITY SERVICE MAN TELL STORIES

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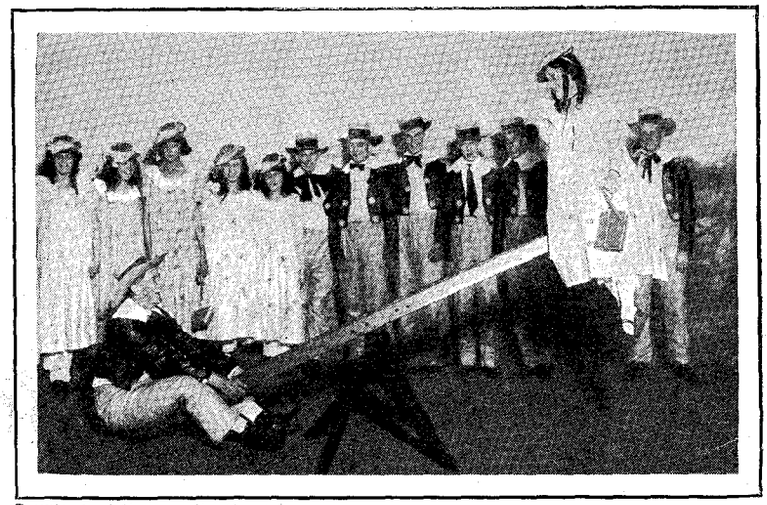
Migliore's next time. I am loaded, if not for bear, at least for Bimbo. I shall speak of the Saco Valley, where people from all the tiny villages assemble at a hilarious musical festival, which Kate Douglas Wiggin describes as "just a collection of small country choirs rehearsed separately," adding: "I have never seen enthusiasm equal to it. What splendid neighborliness and comradeship, all born of singing together!" Can Elizabeth Street beat that?

Also I shall tell him how "the families of farmers, fishermen, ship-builders, and seamen along the Maine coast drive for miles in bad weather so as not to miss local rehearsals for the great festival in Portland." Then I think I shall speak of Peterboro, New Hampshire, where MacDowell lived and wrote, and where "a Community Festival appropriately sings much of his music," and of Lindborg, Kansas, where the townsfolk perform Handel's "Messiah" three times each Easter week, with a chorus of five hundred and an orchestra of forty. The booklet says: "Each day of the week is given over to musical entertainment by visiting artists, and many hundreds of people flock to the little town." A regular *festa, non e vero?*

Here and there I have marked a passage in the book—for example, one about a harvest home festival got up by the Pennsdale Rural Progress Association. Great doings! "Arrival from outlying districts of men, women, and children by every means of conveyance." Morning of "tether, volley, and playground ball, potato races and mass play for the boys and girls and adults, and circle games and story-telling for the little tots." Community luncheon. Then "a pageant depicting the history of Pennsdale." Indians, lumberjacks, wood maidens in green with wreaths of mountain pine, haymakers, cornhuskers, milkmaids, all dressed as Jack-o'-lanterns. Finally, "imposing four-horse wagons loaded with youngsters, modern style." Then speeches and prizes, and with "supper under the trees and old-fashioned dances on the lawn" the close of a holiday gloriously enjoyed by "fully three thousand people."

I shall point out, moreover, how a town here and there secures a permanent building for its gayeties. One such town, thirteen miles from the nearest railway station, "organized a Community Welfare Association and purchased the country hotel. Provision was made for headquarters in the building for all the churches and local organizations and for reading and game rooms. Adequate supervision of the house was secured by having the high school principal and his family occupy the second story. The old barn belonging to the hotel was rebuilt, and over its door may be read in large letters 'Community Hall.'" Another instance, that of Brimfield, Illinois. There "a $30,000 community building has been erected. The greater part of the stock in this building has been taken by the farmers in the outlying districts, each share costing $25. The main feature of the building is the community theater, but by a clever arrangement of floor space there is provided room for dancing, basket-ball, games, gymnasium, roller-skating rink, a banquet room, parlor, and reception-rooms."



Courtesy of Community Service

"SCHOOL DAYS" WAS THE TITLE OF THIS SCENE IN A DRAMATIC EVENING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE LOCAL COMMUNITY SERVICE AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

And in talking this over with Bimbo I shall find a lot to say about Professor Arvold, who is booming the Little Country Theater. At the North Dakota Agricultural College he has been teaching young folks to "produce plays which they can later take back to their own communities." He teaches them to remake town halls; to use screen scenery; to make use of the simplest materials in the most effective way." As the booklet adds, "By such means Mr. Arvold is giving farm people what they need—more color and romance." Precisely. Under our skins, we are Sicilians, all of us.

Now, I am not for inducing Bimbo to desert Elizabeth Street. At Migliore's he is a little ray of sunshine—"*il sole mio.*" Let him remain there. In printer language, "Stet!" But he must abandon his contention that our country life is incurably dull—and so must our country folks, especially in towns where dullness is leading to worse calamities. If I understand those friends of mine up yonder in the Metropolitan Tower, at No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York, they feel that their work in promoting community recreation the country over means to "dead" villages and small towns a new lease of life, since playing together for the mere fun of the thing is a first step toward working together for community betterment. Witness this letter from a member of the girls' club started by the Y. W. C. A. in the little town of M——: "We found that there were great possibilities for a swimming-pool in a pond near town, had it drained, built bathhouses, and now the place is a scene of great sport. We are planning when winter comes to have a public skating rink there. We worked wonders with our abandoned opera house. We cleaned it thoroughly and, with a little money made selling articles at a bazaar, we put in all the paraphernalia found in any first-class gymnasium. Our funds were so small the problem of heating it seemed almost beyond us, but there is always a way out. We rented the lower floor to a family in poor circumstances, giving the rent free in return for the care of the furnace and the janitor work.

"In the beginning our elders laughed at us, but now they also come. I saw three generations on one pole the other night, all as happy as larks. We are planning to buy chairs and make our main hall an auditorium for community gatherings. We girls who are home from school and who are compelled to remain in a small town, with its limited environment, are having such good times that we wouldn't live elsewhere for the world! We have interested the town parents in a sewerage system; we have talked paint until three-fourths of our houses boast new coats; we have clean-up days once a week, and our prizes for the best-looking lawns are putting our town on the map."

Just so. And in all likelihood it will stay on the map. Towns "die" or dwindle and sicken—not so much because it is difficult to get a living there as because it is well-nigh impossible to have any fun there. Yet right in those same towns all the ingredients of a roaring good time exist. Schoolhouses, churches, libraries, make excellent community centers. Talent abounds. The play instinct, long dormant, pops awake once you start something. Play, in its turn, awakens the social instinct, and sociability makes possible a concerted movement for progress and uplift, and the movement goes on until, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Wilson, there develops "a community to which people belong with some pleasure and pride," and, reversing the usual formula, cry, "Welcome to our village!" adding, heartily, "We wouldn't live elsewhere for the world!"

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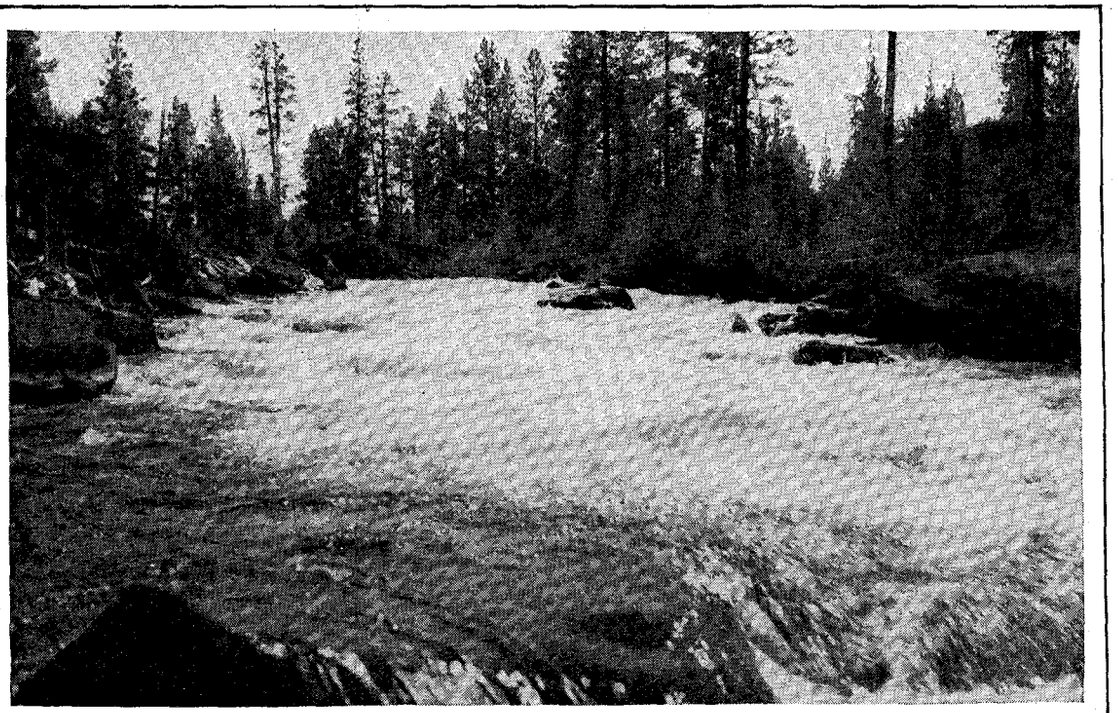
CONTRASTS FROM THE SOUTHWEST

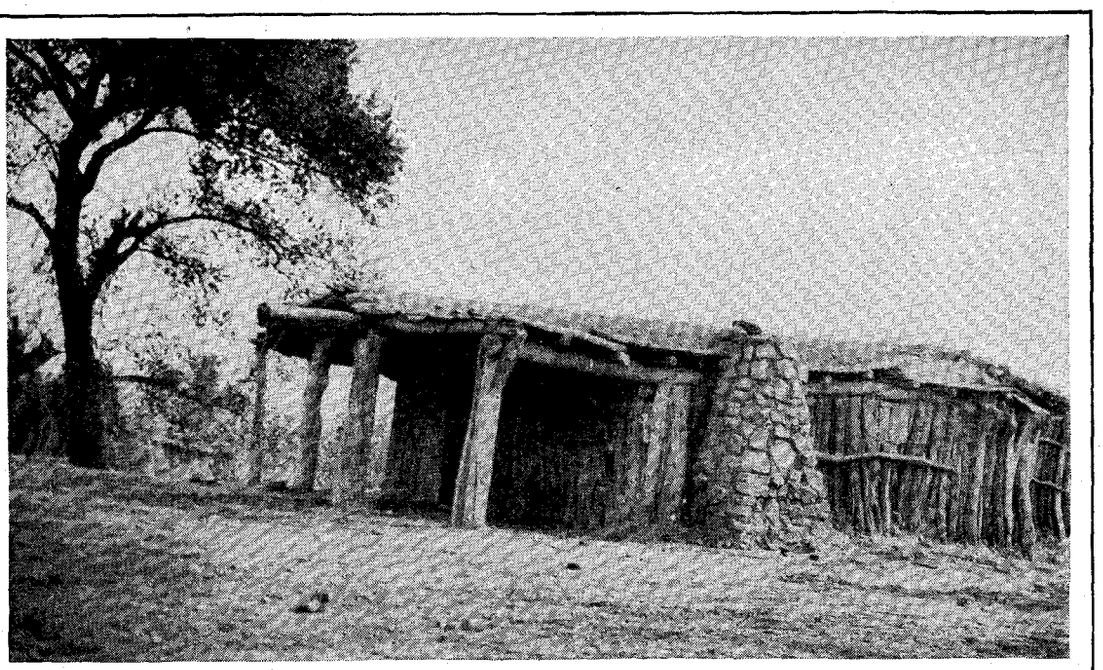
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Mrs. A. Price, Gibbs, Idaho

BEAUTY SPOT ON THE WHITE RIVER IN ARIZONA

This river, little known to the angler, is for the most part a series of cascades fed by the melting snows of the White Mountains. The elevation in this locality ranges from 3,750 feet to 9,000 feet



From Janetta G. McGregor, Athol, Mass.

A TYPICAL MEXICAN DWELLING AT GILA FARMS, NEW MEXICO

The huge rafters or tree trunks projecting at the front run to the rear of the house. The walls consist of logs and adobe mud used as cement. The interior has no light except for that occasionally allowed to enter through hinged wooden windows about a foot square. In cold weather these are always shut tight. Snakes delight to dwell in the darkness and crevices between logs. One was coiled around a rafter near the entrance and the visitors who took the picture kept their eyes on him as they slipped into the house. The inmates are friendly to these reptiles, for they are the best mouse-traps in existence

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THE BOOK TABLE

SOME SINGING JOHNSONS

BY ROBERT T. KERLIN

CAN any good thing come out of Missouri? Surely not a prophet! Well, then, perhaps a poet—since nature is freakish. Else how should there be poets at all? And verily comes there one, in singing robes, and sable, modestly offering "Songs of My People."[1] And it is thus he introduces his people:

My people laugh and sing,
  And dance to death,—
None imagining
  The heartbreak under breath.

Is it not a proof of the true verse artist that these four lines are permitted to go as an entire poem? And here is another like unto it:

We have fashioned laughter
  Out of tears and pain,
But the moment after,
  Pain and tears again.

The singer is Charles Bertram Johnson, and this is in brief his life-story: Born at Callao, Missouri, October 5, 1880, of a Kentucky mother and a Virginia father, he attended a one-room school "across the railroad track," where—who can explain this?—he was "introduced to Bacon, Shakespeare, and the art of rhyming." It reads like an old story. Some freak of a schoolmaster whose head is filled with useless lore—poetry, tales, and such stuff—nurturing a child of genius into song. But it was Johnson's mother who was the great influence in his life. She was an "adept at rhyming" and "she initiated me into the world of color and melody"—so writes our poet. It is always the mother. Then, by chance, he learns of Dunbar and his poetry. The ambition to be a poet of his people like Dunbar possesses him. He knows the path to that goal is education. He therefore makes his way to a little college at Macon, Missouri, from which, after five years, he is graduated—without having received any help in the art of poetry, however. Two terms at a summer school and special instruction by correspondence seem to have aided him here, or to have induced the belief that he had been aided. For twenty-odd years he followed the profession of teaching. For ten years of that period he also preached. His entire energies are now spent in the preacher's profession; he is at present pastor of the Second Baptist Church at Moberly, Missouri.

Teacher, preacher, poet; learning, religion, and song, anciently one, again are found in union, as they should be.

The fact is Mr. Johnson is not at all given to preaching in verse. His sole aim is beauty—he assures me it is truth. Perhaps we are only using different words. The philosophy of Keats is true in the highest realm of thought.

Perhaps it was the poet's dialect pieces that suggested to him the title he has given his little book. These pieces seem to me to be strong in character delineation and to fuse humor and pathos, as genius is wont to do when genius dwells with a kindly heart. But perhaps also he was thinking of his two long odes, "The Mantle of Dunbar" and "Ode to Booker Washington." These are nobly pitched and well-sustained odes. Another poet of his race—Roscoe C. Jamison—he has also commemorated in "Lacrimæ Æthiopiæ." One stanza will represent the fluent melody of the verse:

Too soon is hushed his silver speech,
  The music dies upon the lute,
The cadence falls beyond our reach;
  Too soon the Poet's lips are mute.

I do not wish to maintain that this poetry is great—only that it is genuine.

"Out in Chicago" is another singing Johnson, christened Fenton. His voice, too, is authentic. They are brothers only after the spirit, and as unlike as brothers sometimes are. He has flung out his banner twice to the world: "A Little Dreaming"[2] (1914) and "Visions of the Dusk" (1915). Modest enough, these inscriptions.

Fenton Johnson's songs blossom out of the old plantation "spirituals" of the slaves. Do you, good reader, know about those "spirituals"? They are one of the most wonderful melodic achievements of our race: quaint, rude, primitive, pathetic beyond parallel, inexpressibly appealing; a people's "canticles of *faith* and woe," to change one word in a famous line. Fenton Johnson's melodies suggest these classics. Here is one:

I PLAYED ON DAVID'S HARP

A Negro Spiritual

Last night I played on David's harp,
I played on Little David's harp
The gospel tunes of Israel;
And all the angels came to hear
Me play those gospel tunes,
As the Jordan rolled away.

The angels shouted all the night
Their "Glory, hallelujah" shout;
Old Gabriel threw his trumpet down
To hear the songs of Israel,
On mighty David's harp,
As the Jordan rolled away.

When death has closed my weary eyes
I'll play again on David's harp
The last great song in life's brief book;
And all you children born of God
Can stop a while and hear me play,
As the Jordan rolls away.

Fenton Johnson is an unrivaled melodist. His harp has many strings, and there is no other harp exactly like it. One may like the music or not. If one does not like it, however, it will probably be because of its strangeness. One has had no experience of anything like it. Better incomplete success, I say, in something peculiarly one's own than perfect strains of music long familiar. I cannot hope to represent the full range of Fenton Johnson's harp here, but, instead of several short melodies, I will give a chan which has some length, and more than ts music to commend it:

THE NEW DAY

From a vision red with war I awoke
  and saw the Prince of Peace hovering over No Man's Land.
Loud the whistles blew and thunder
  of cannon was drowned by the
  happy shouting of the people.
From the Sinai that faces Armageddon I heard this chant from the
  throats of white-robed angels:

Blow your trumpets, little children!
From the East and from the West,
From the cities in the valley,
From God's dwelling on the mountain,
Blow your blast that Peace might
  know
She is Queen of God's great army.
With the crying blood of millions
We have written deep her name
In the Book of all the Ages:
With the lilies in the valley,
With the roses by the Mersey,
With the golden flower of Jersey
We have crowned her smooth young
  temples.

Where her footsteps cease to falter
Golden grain will greet the morning,
Where her chariot descends
Shall be broken down the altar
Of the gods of dark disturbance.
Never more shall men know suffering,
Never more shall women wailing
Shake to grief the God of Heaven.
From the East and from the West,
From the cities in the valley,
From God's dwelling on the mountain,
Little children, blow your trumpets!

From Ethiopia, groaning 'neath her
  heavy burdens, I heard the music
  of the old slave songs.
I heard the wail of warriors, dusk
  brown, who grimly fought the
  fight of others in the trenches of
  Mars.
I heard the plea of blood-stained men
  of dusk and the crimson in my
  veins leapt furiously.

Forget not, O my brothers, how we
  fought
In No Man's Land that peace might
  come again!
Forget not, O my brothers, how we
  gave
Red blood to save the freedom of the
  world!
We were not free, our tawny hands
  were tied;
But Belgium's plight and Serbia's
  woes we shared
Each rise of sun or setting of the
  moon.
So when the bugle blast had called us
  forth
We went not like the surly brute of
  yore,
But, as the Spartan, proud to give the
  world
The freedom that we never knew nor
  shared.
These chains, O brothers mine, have
  weighed us down

[1] Songs of My People. By Charles Bertram Johnson. The Cornhill Company, Boston.

[2] A Little Dreaming. By Fenton Johnson. The Peterson Linotyping Company, Chicago.

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As Samson in the temple of the gods;
Unloosen them and let us breathe the air
That makes the goldenrod the flower of Christ.
For we have been with thee in No Man's Land,
Through lake of fire and down to Hell itself;
And now we ask of thee our liberty,
Our freedom in the land of Stars and Stripes.

But I must dismiss this melodist and introduce another—this time a woman. A bit of her verse will best serve:

The dreams of the dreamer
Are life-drops that pass
The break in the heart
To the Soul's hour-glass.

The songs of the singer
Are tones that repeat
The cry of the heart
Till it ceases to beat.

The author's name is Georgia Douglas Johnson and her book of lyrics is entitled "The Heart of a Woman."[3] Truly it seems to be such—a heart that has known its Gethsemane, its garden of sorrow. The phantom happiness has aye fled before it, "along the trail of destiny:"

What need have I for memory,
When not a single flower
Has bloomed within life's desert
For me, one little hour?

What need have I for memory,
Whose burning eyes have met
The corse of unborn happiness
Winding the trail regret?

Mrs. Georgia Douglas Johnson was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and received her academic education in Atlanta University and a musical education at Oberlin. She now lives in Washington, D. C. She is at the beginning of her career as an author. A second book of lyrics, under the title of "An Autumn Love Cycle," will soon appear from the press.

"Wisdom's cruelty"—the phrase is hers, and it reveals at what cost illusions have been slain, illusions that have left a woman's heart "unanswered and alone." One boon only has this bruised heart, and that is forgetfulness. This lyric is entitled "Peace:"

I rest me deep within the wood,
Drawn by its silent call;
Far from the throbbing crowd of man
On nature's breast I fall.

My couch is sweet with blossoms fair,
A bed of fragrant dreams;
And soft upon my ear there falls
The lullaby of streams.

The tumult of my heart is stilled,
Within this sheltered spot,
Deep in the bosom of the wood,
Forgetting, and—forgot.

These lyrics are the melodious tears of a heart overfull—tears that "fall in the heart like rain." What are the experiences and what the conditions of life which make a soul "try to forget it has dreamed of stars"? The tragedy is as deeply concealed as in "Smothered Fires:"

A woman with a burning flame
Deep covered through the years
With ashes—ah! she hid it deep,
And smothered it with tears.

Sometimes a baleful light would rise
From out the dusky bed,
And then the woman hushed it quick
To slumber on, as dead.

At last the weary war was done,
The tapers were alight,
And with a sigh of victory
She breathed a soft—good-night!

Without one word or hint of race in all the book there is yet between its covers the unwritten, unwritable tragedy of that borderland race which knows not where it belongs in the world. A sadder book has not appeared among us.

I am folding up my little dreams
Within my heart to-night,
And praying I may soon forget
The torture of their sight.

So this woman of the broken heart clasps the covers of her book, baffled by the eternal mystery.

[3] The Heart of a Woman. By Georgia Douglas Johnson. The Cornhill Company, Boston.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ROGUES AND COMPANY. By Ida A. R. Wylie. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.75.

Just for sheer amusement this irresponsible and lively story is capital. It is farce rather than comedy, but it is farce very well carried out and with many a laugh in it. Queer situations arise out of the plight of a man who has absolutely lost the memory of his past, who is convinced against his will that he is two or three different men and has to shoulder their wrong-doings and enter into their troubles.

THREE LOVING LADIES. By the Honorable Mrs. Dowdall. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

There is something that reminds one of the leisurely and quietly satirical manner of Jane Austen in this story of English social and philanthropic circles in a second-class city. It is very far from exciting, but it has a gentle sense of humor, and more than most novels it deals with motive and personal traits rather than with what is unusual and extreme in life. Its women especially have marked individuality.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

ROMANCE OF AMERICAN LIFE AND PROGRESS (THE). By Rev. Robert Lee Webb, S.T.M. The Judson Press, Philadelphia.

People who are tired of pessimistic forecasts as to America's future will find comfort and suggestion in the facts and reflections contained in these short chapters.

SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION (THE). By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York.

There are three modern English authors who are sometimes classed together because they are radical in their thinking, entertaining in their expression, and write philosophy and fiction with equal facility: Chesterton, Shaw, and Wells. But Chesterton is a stalwart believer in the established order; Shaw, a critic who believes in nothing, not even in himself; and Wells, a religious prophet. He believes in God, hell, heaven, sin, and repentance, though he is quite unlike the religious prophets of the past. His Invisible God bears no resemblance to the just but pitiless Jehovah of Jonathan Edwards, or the "Infinite and Eternal Energy" of Herbert Spencer, or the "Father Man" of Professor Clifford; his hell is not a tormenting flame in a future inquisition, but the tormenting hate and greed of modern life; his heaven is not a celestial city "far, far away," but an earthly heaven which we are to make out of this earthly hell; repentance is "a bold reconstruction of the outlook upon life of hundreds of millions of minds;" and the condition of the world's salvation is "an understanding of and a will for a single world government." To the exposition of this "plan of salvation," what it is, what is the necessity for it, how it can be brought about, his latest volume is devoted. It possesses both the clearness and the vigor which generally characterize the writings of an egotist who is quite sure that he possesses a panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to and is eager to make the world listen to his message. The value of his panacea we do not here consider, but we commend his book as worth reading by any moral teacher who is oppressed by present world conditions and is open to a consideration of proposed remedies, whether true or false.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

STORY OF A THOUSAND-YEAR PINE (THE). Illustrated. By Enos A. Mills. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Mr. Mills is well known as a popularizer of what we have come to call "nature study." Especially has he done much to make us acquainted with the Rocky Mountain region. This exquisitely printed little volume tells us in particular about the southern Rockies and in very particular about the cliff-dwellers' Mesa Verde, which stands at the corners of four States. The story of a "Thousand-Year Pine" is that of a venerable yellow-pine tree which Mr. Mills discovered within sight of the Mesa Verde. No one can read the story without some instantly keener appreciation of our natural resources and of the spiritual as well as of the material necessity of their conservation.

TAMING NEW GUINEA. By C. A. W. Monckton. The John Lane Company, New York. $5.

The title hardly gives a fair idea of the entertaining quality of this narrative. It abounds in curious experiences in sport, in work, and with odd characters among the natives and the white men. In parts it is as exciting as a plot story. It will certainly please lovers of adventure in new countries.

TOUR IN A DONKEY-CART (A). By Frances Jennings. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $7.50.

Here is the strange, sad story of a crippled girl of imagination and latent genius. Her letters and drawings reflect the pathetic background of her life. The narrative grips one and the pictures are full of a strange power, though they cannot be said exactly to ustrate the "tour in a donkey cart."

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AN ANCIENT APARTMENT-HOUSE OF A THOUSAND ROOMS

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

Complete and indisputable evidence of an apartment building of a thousand rooms which, in the belief of archæologists of the American School of Research, was occupied more than a thousand years ago by a vanished race has recently been unearthed in what is known as Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

In recent years the desert sands have been swept aside in Chaco Canyon, revealing one wonder after another. But the greatest wonder of all was found last summer in Chettro Kettle, a section of Chaco Canyon. Here was disclosed, after a vast amount of excavation, the walls of a huge structure which, entirely buried for centuries, would occupy two large blocks if set down in a modern American city. In these walls are fifty million pieces of quarried stone, not to mention thousands of logs, poles, and slabs which were evidently cut in distant forests, transported by man power, and set in their respective places with the aid of stone implements.

While the work of excavation in Chettro Kettle has proceeded far enough to show the size, general shape, and some of the details of construction of this amazing structure, it is estimated that five years more will be required to complete the job. Enough evidence is already at hand, however, to demonstrate the marvelous constructive ability of the ancient but unknown race that was responsible for the building.

In enduring residential architectural qualities this race attained to levels not surpassed by the architects of the ancient world, for here is a building which, abandoned, unroofed, and in many places exposed to the elements, stands as very few specimen walls in any land have withstood the ages. Archæologists say that in wall construction the Chaco builders were unsurpassed and that it is doubtful if our modern masonry will be as enduring.

From their observations at Chettro Kettle the scientists in charge of the work of excavation are convinced that the people who lived there were a race that matured in its culture without serious interruption and that mysteriously went into oblivion at the summit of its civilization. There is no evidence here of a decaying civilization, such as may be seen in sections of the Rio Grande Valley to-day. On the other hand, while all signs point to the fact that abandonment came at the full tide of life, there is nothing to indicate sudden destruction, a fact which makes the disappearance of this race more mysterious than ever.

It is hoped that somewhere within the ruins of Chettro Kettle something may be found which will tell the name and something of the blood, language, and cultural potentialities of these remarkable people. All that is known now is that the community consisted of approximately ten thousand people and that they cultivated some three thousand acres of land.

SECTION SHOWING VARIOUSLY WALLED SPACES OF THE GREAT APARTMENT-HOUSE

Excavation shows that the building had a curved front seven hundred feet long, with a massive central axis and rooms on either side. Looking down into the excavated portions of the ruins, one gets an excellent idea of the knowledge of construction possessed by these people who lived more than a thousand years ago. Reinforcement of partition walls was frequently gained by embedding timbers in the masonry, just as the concrete walls of to-day are reinforced by iron rods.

Floors and ceilings were constructed by first laying heavy supporting timbers across from wall to wall. Upon these were laid smaller logs, placed closely side by side; over these came thin cedar slabs, next a layer of cedar bark, and finally a solidly packed layer of earth. Some of the rooms show a remarkable state of preservation of both masonry and timber. Excavation in the inner court revealed an amazing labyrinth of kivas, cists, shafts, and variously walled spaces, and it is probable that further excavation will bring to light equally surprising discoveries.

THE LUMBER COST OF A MILLION HOMES

BY ARTHUR NEWTON PACK

The recently published report of the Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production states that in this country we are actually short one million dwellings. What are we going to do about it? We first began to drop behind in 1914, then came our own participation in the war, and then that long wait for a fall in the price of building materials. That deficit of one million houses is the result.

We are told that merely to keep even with our building needs and not fall further behind will take about half our annual lumber production. The other half of our annual production goes into such articles as boxes, ties, freight car construction, furniture, vehicles, and to the agricultural trade. It is estimated that more than as much again will be required to make up the million dwelling deficit—upwards of twenty billion board feet. Twenty billion feet means about four thousand square miles to be cut—a solidly forested area almost as large as the entire State of Connecticut.

Theoretically we have sufficient excess sawmill capacity to produce that extra twenty billion within a single year, but such overwhelming demand as would be the result of an attempt to catch up too suddenly would so strain the machinery of marketing and production as to force up lumber prices to the point where the demand would automatically extinguish itself.

Although lumber prices have already fallen considerably, they are still about eighty per cent higher than in 1914, and many prospective home-builders are still waiting. What makes up this cost which they must pay? In so far as the general level of all prices has risen, the costs of opening up timbered areas, logging railway construction, logging itself with all its modern scientific equipment, sawing with its heavy depreciation charges to cover scrapping of the mill when the timber is gone, drying, planing, and marketing have necessarily kept pace. But the increase in the price of lumber has at times been more rapid than that for other prices. Some raise the hue and cry of a "lumber trust" turning the exhaustion of our forests to its own account and making immense profits thereby. Practically, however, this rapid depletion of our forest resources affects prices much more directly. First, it forces the lumberman to seek his timber farther away from existing railways, higher up the mountainsides, or on rougher ground, where

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it takes more machinery and more labor to harvest the timber crop. Costs are higher in proportion.

But as each new timbered area becomes exhausted, not only is the lumberman forced to take his timber from locations less favorable to himself and at greater expense, but also his whole industry gradually drifts farther away from the center of population of the country, farther away from the ultimate market. Here is a case where the consumer literally has to "pay the freight." The center of population, according to our recent Census, is in southeastern Indiana. Even as far back as 1914 eighteen to twenty per cent of our total annual lumber consumption was supplied by Washington and Oregon, two thousand miles away. California, Idaho, and Montana have also furnished a very substantial percentage. We use every year altogether about forty billion board feet, which means that we pay an annual freight bill of over a million dollars. Here in the East nearly half of what we pay for a thousand feet of lumber is for freight alone.

An element of price often overlooked is that of time consumed in preparing the article for consumption. For lumber it is the time elapsing during the cycle of stump to consumer, for until the actual use of the wood for the purpose intended it represents the continued investment of capital. When the mill is near the ultimate market, that time is short and the interest earned by the capital is small; but as the supply of timber becomes exhausted and more remote sources must be utilized, time becomes an ever more important factor. A shipment of fir flooring from Seattle destined for New York may be originally valued at $55 per thousand feet. When it reaches New York eight or ten weeks later, it must be worth almost a dollar a thousand more just to take care of the interest on the money invested.

The fourth way in which depletion of our timber supply affects prices is through waste. When a tree is felled, about thirteen per cent of it is left to rot as stump, top, and branches; at the sawmill, in spite of most modern methods, about forty-three per cent of it goes into sawdust, bark, outside pieces or slabs, etc.; about two per cent disappears in seasoning or drying; if the lumber is planed, three per cent more goes into refuse. We get only about forty per cent in real lumber. And this is no extreme case. In the new logging operations of the West whole trees less than twenty inches in diameter are pulled down in getting out the larger logs and left there to rot, just because the cost of transportation to the mill is more than the price the lumber would bring. As high as thirty-five per cent of the total stand of timber on a given tract of forest is thus wasted outright, to begin with. We cannot blame the lumbermen, for if they were made to utilize every tree the cost of lumber would have to be much higher than we have ever seen it. Nor would it help if those smaller trees were left standing, as they were never rooted to withstand wind and the first storm which obtained headway in the partially cut forest would surely blow them over. But if that same small timber grew in Pennsylvania, New York, or New England not a tree would be wasted. Furthermore, its very branches would be utilized as fire-wood and its mill waste as fuel or for pulp manufacture. What a difference there is between the lumber industry and the packing industry! There is hardly a part of the slaughtered animal that is not put to some practical use; pepsin, lard, oleomargarine, fertilizer, soap, buttons, pipestems, combs, and gut strings are a few of the by-products of a packing-house. In France a tree also is utilized to the very last twig. But France is comparatively small, the center of population is not far distant from the forests, and the problem is consequently different. In what remains of our Eastern forests, where transportation costs do not eat up values, we obtain a far closer utilization of timber by-products. Wood pulp, railway ties, fence posts, boxes, lath, shingles, spools, matches, excelsior, shavings, resin, turpentine, wood alcohol, and tanning liquors may all be obtained from the parts of trees unsuitable for the manufacture of lumber. But for ninety per cent of our entire annual cut of timber, produced as it is far from populous centers and convenient markets for by-products, lumber alone must pay all costs. Probably there is no other way in which the depletion of our timber resources reacts so strongly to raise the price the consumer has to pay as in preventing the practical utilization of waste.

We might still be inclined to discount the effect of this law of exhaustion in our own country were it not for the absolutely analogous situation of our neighbor, Canada. We import, largely from her, a billion and a quarter feet of lumber and logs, two billion shingles, and many other wood products annually. Canada has perhaps been even before us in realizing the situation, and the provinces of Ontario and Quebec are already taking steps to place the cutting of timber upon a more efficient and less wasteful basis, even with the certainty of increasing present lumber and pulpwood prices. There are now those who can even foresee the wiping out within comparatively few years of the hitherto considered limitless forests of British Columbia unless steps are taken to eliminate waste and provide for sufficient reforestation.

Besides having our own houses to maintain and a million extra homes to build, China, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as many European nations, look to us for their future lumber supply. Although as yet we do not export more than about three per cent of our annual production, it is well known that were it not for the heavy discount on European money nearly every nation of Europe would be flooding us with orders.

It is true that all prices fluctuate with changing general economic conditions, but every tendency in the lumber industry itself is upward, not down. The nearer we come to the exhaustion of our forests, the higher will be the price that we will have to pay.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

SIR PAUL DUKES was knighted for his services as a British secret agent during the war. He was living in Petrograd at the outbreak of the war; unable to pass his physical examination required by the army, he volunteered for the British Secret Service, and was assigned to fill the place of a secret agent who had recently been murdered by the Bolsheviki. He went to work in a Russian munition factory, and was subsequently drafted into the Red army. He developed a valuable courier service and sent important information out of Russia. The July issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" contains his article "The Secret Door," which describes some of his extraordinary adventures.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT has been on the staff of the Boston "Transcript," Chicago "Tribune," and "Literary Digest."

ROBERT H. MOULTON has contributed extensively to American and foreign periodicals, and many of his articles have been illustrated with photographs taken by himself. He was born in Nashville, Tennessee, forty years ago, and is a graduate of Columbia University. He has written librettos for a number of musical comedies.

ARTHUR NEWTON PACK is the son of Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, who has frequently contributed to The Outlook. Mr. Pack is a graduate of Williams College and attended the Harvard School of Business Administration. He was secretary to Frank Scott, first Chairman of the General Munitions Board and the War Industries Board during the war. Since the war he has spent considerable time in British Columbia studying the timber situation.

P. W. WILSON, a frequent contributor to The Outlook, and formerly a member on the Liberal side of England's House of Commons, has, as American correspondent of the London "Daily News," been interpreting American points of view to English readers; and like other Englishmen, seems to have the capacity of interpreting American points of view to American readers.

ROBERT THOMAS KERLIN lives in Lexington, Virginia; was educated at Central College, Johns Hopkins, University of Chicago, and Yale; and was a chaplain in the Spanish-American War. He has taught at Yale and in the A. E. F. University of Beaune, France, in 1919. A writer of verse himself, he has the insight to perceive the soul in writers of another race.

MERCER VERNON is a newspaper correspondent in Washington, D. C. He learned his trade as a reporter in Seattle.

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